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"THE INTRUDER"

BY CYRIL HARCOURT



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York



"THE INTRUDER"

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

CYRIL HARCOURT

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Act of March 4, 1909.

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The following is a copy of the play-bill of the first performance of "THE INTRUDER."

COHAN AND HARRIS THEATRE, NEW
YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1916

MESSRS. COHAN AND HARRIS
PRESENT
THE INTRUDER

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS
BY
CYRIL HARCOURT

AUTHOR OF "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," "MY
LADY'S NAME," ETC.

STAGED BY SAM FOREST

The characters are named in the order in which they make their first entrance.

THE CAST

PAULINE LEVARDIER *Olive Tell*
GEORGE GUÉRAND *Vernon Steel*
RENÉ LEVARDIER *Frank Kemble Cooper*
BAPTISTE, Levardier's servant ... *Lawrence White*
A STRANGER *H. Cooper-Cliffe*
NATALIE, Madame Levardier's maid. *Dorie Sawyer*
COMMISSAIRE OF POLICE *Frederick Esmelton*
AGENT OF POLICE *J. H. Greene*
AGENT OF POLICE *A. H. Reno*
FRANCOIS, GUÉRAND's valet *George Barr*
FIRST CLERK *Kenneth Keith*
SECOND CLERK *F. G. Harley*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- ACT I. Levardier's apartments. (During this act the lights will be lowered to indicate the lapse of a few hours.)
Scene 1—About 10 o'clock, Monday night. Scene 2—About 5 o'clock, Tuesday morning.
- ACT II. George Guérand's apartment. Wednesday morning.
- ACT III. Levardier's office in the Law Courts. An hour later. The action of the play takes place in Paris.

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Act of March 4, 1909.

“The Intruder”

ACT I

SCENE: LEVARDIER'S flat in Paris. Doors L. and R. closed. Double doors open. Brackets and lamps alight. Windows R.C. and L.C. Fireplace C. Piano C. Armchair in front of it. Oval table R.C. Armchair R. of it—single chair L. of it. Settee L.C. Desk up L. Chair in front of it. Piano stool behind piano. DISCOVERED: PAULINE is seated at piano C. She commences to play before rise of curtain and continues when curtain is up. Slight pause. GEORGE enters through double doors and crosses behind piano and stands R. of it, leaning over and gazing admiringly at PAULINE.

GEORGE. That's beautiful. (Pause) I could listen to that forever.

PAULINE. (Still playing) Do you understand the words?

GEORGE. Yes, I know the meaning of the words. The loveliest words there are—in any language. I love you, dear. I love you. (She stops playing) Go on. Play it three times through. (She plays again)

LEVARDIER. (Enters with newspaper. from double doors) Oh, here you both are. (Coming

THE INTRUDER

down c.) I wondered what had become of you. Music again! Do you really prefer that stuff to dinner, George? Noise! That's all it is, noise. Music is a particularly irritating form of noise. Whenever I hear music I feel like the devil when he hears a church-bell. Pauline, will you stop? (*PAULINE stops, then she plays three deliberate discords*) For this relief, much thanks! (*Crosses and sits R. of table R.C.*)

GEORGE. Levardier, you're a philistine. (*Sits c.*)

LEVARDIER. Philistine! Not I. (*PAULINE rises, pours out a glass of kummel and places it on table R.C., then goes back to piano*)

GEORGE. Is there anything in the paper?

LEVARDIER. Rather! Listen to this. (*Reads*) "Lyons, November the 10th. Mysterious crime. At 9 A.M. yesterday the dead body of Madame Herbert was discovered in the bath-room of her house, cut and lacerated in a manner almost beyond belief, the head and one of the arms being almost entirely severed from the body." (*During this, PAULINE has given liqueur to GEORGE*)

PAULINE. Oh, René, don't! Don't! (*Moving behind piano to L.C.*)

LEVARDIER. Gad, what a magnificent case! What a magnificent case for Flannard! That's the second he's had in less than six months. Why don't I get these sensational cases? Nothing of this sort ever happens to me. All I ever get are stupid little thefts, street rows, window smashing. Why don't I get something that will bring notoriety and promotion?

GEORGE. (*Rising and placing glass on tray*) Upon my soul, Levardier, you prosecuting counsel! Why, your cynicism is only equalled by the crime itself. (*Lights cigarette and leans on piano*)

LEVARDIER. Cynicism? Where's the cynicism?

(GEORGE moves to L. of table R.C.) All I said was, "Here's a fine case. Well, isn't it a fine case? Isn't it interesting? Isn't it subtle? Of course it is. It's the sort of case that repays one for one's labor and one's work on it. It's a magnificent case, and I wish to Heaven I had the handling of it. Searching for the motive, analyzing every clue, probing, scenting, hunting. That's not cynicism, my dear fellow, it's mere professional interest. Do, for heaven's sake, distinguish. But I don't get cases of this sort. I don't have that sort of luck. It doesn't come my way. For instance, what do you think I've got to do to-night? I've got to cart myself off to Fontainebleau on a slow train—on a beast of a right like this, because some wretched ass of a student has cut his mistress' throat and botched the job of cutting his own. That's a nice way for a man like me to spend his time and waste his energy, isn't it? (GEORGE laughs) Why, the man isn't even dead. And I've got to interview him, examine him, with his silly throat tied up in sticking plaster in some filthy toxic hospital. (During this PAULINE moves to behind piano and looks at music)

GEORGE. Why? (Crosses and sits on settee L.C.)

LEVARDIER. Why? Because I get these rotten cases. Because the fool of a magistrate at Fontainebleau has smashed his thumb, broken his leg, got influenza—I don't know. He's laid up. A rotten, squalid brawl. Not even interesting. The whole thing's idiotic. The law's idiotic. The train service is worse than idiotic. I sha'n't get to Fontainebleau till eleven, and there isn't a train back to Paris till five o'clock to-morrow morning. I sha'n't get a wink of sleep all night. I sha'n't get anything. Where's that kummel? (Rises impatiently, sees liqueur, says) Ah! (Drinks)

GEORGE. Isn't there a train back at midnight?

LEVARDIER. No.

GEORGE. Why don't you sleep at Fontainebleau, you duffer?

LEVARDIER. Why? Because I've got to be back in Paris early. I must turn over the papers and the evidence in the Peters bank embezzlement to the Public Prosecutor.

GEORGE. What was the evidence?

LEVARDIER. (*Crossing to c., carrying paper*) One of the employees stole 200,000 francs in 1000-franc notes. Here they are. (*Produces them from pocket*)

GEORGE. (*Rising*) Hello! (*Takes notes from LEVARDIER*)

LEVARDIER. And then the fool got caught.

GEORGE. By the police?

LEVARDIER. Yes, for once.

GEORGE. And where did they find it?

LEVARDIER. Where? In the damn fool's pocket.

GEORGE. Not a very clever thief.

LEVARDIER. I should say he was an amateur. (*GEORGE is about to place notes in his pocket, when LEVARDIER says*) Here, here, young man. (*Takes them from him and replaces them in envelope*)

GEORGE. Well, the bank is in luck to get the money back.

LEVARDIER. I wish the bank had the money back at this moment. It was too late to return it and now I'm responsible for it until I turn it over to the Public Prosecutor to-morrow morning. (*Puts envelope in his pocket*)

GEORGE. Well, I don't see what you're complaining about. I call that a very interesting case. (*Sits again L.C.*)

LEVARDIER. Interesting? Bah! This is the case

I ought to have had—(*Holding up paper*)—this Lyons case. I could put some brains into that—wits, imagination: something a little outside mere routine. (*Crosses and places armchair R.C. behind table and sits*)

PAULINE. I hate your Police Court news. That's all I hear from morning, noon and night—(*Gets RENÉ'S glass from table and places it on tray*) How are things in your world to-day, George? (*Moves behind piano to L.C.*)

GEORGE. Things in my world? Don't talk about them! Awful! Slump, slump! A little more and the bottom will be knocked clean out of the market and out of me.

PAULINE. (L.C.) It serves you right. How often have I told you not to speculate? A man like you! Why, it's ridiculous! But you're as obstinate—

GEORGE. As an inflated mule—I know. By the way, is it Saturday we're going to the Odéon?

PAULINE. Yes, Saturday. Don't forget, we've got a stall for you.

GEORGE. No, hang it, I'm not so broke that I can't afford to pay for my own seat.

PAULINE. Nonsense! Besides you wouldn't be able to get a seat now—next to me. (*They look at each other*) You don't want to come, do you, René? (*Crosses and sits C.*)

LEVARDIER. What's that?

PAULINE. You don't want to come to the theater with me Saturday?

LEVARDIER. Good heavens, no! You take her, George.

GEORGE. I hear it's a thundering good play.

LEVARDIER. Ah, there are no good plays! I loathe our theater, our conventional, artificial thea-

ter you're all so mad about. What on earth do I want with puppet emotions when I can see real emotions every day—all day long in the theater where lives are really lived. However, I don't impose my tastes on my wife. You take her, George, I'm not jealous.

PAULINE. (*Rising and going up L.C.*) I'm just going to see if there isn't some better train back from Fontainebleau. It's absurd to be obliged to wait there till five o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE. I should say so. Of all the God-forsaken places to have to spend the night! (*Rises*)

PAULINE. (*Taking out time table from writing table*) Which line is it?

GEORGE. (*Moving up and sitting on edge of table*) Laroche—Dijon. Here, let me look, you'll never find it. (*Takes timetable from her*) Laroche—Dijon—here we are. Train leaves Paris at 10:20. (*Takes out his watch*)

PAULINE. (*Taking watch and looking at it*) Oh, what a lovely watch!

GEORGE. Gets him to Fontainebleau at 11:32, and there's a train back at 11:40.

PAULINE. Oh, that only gives him eight minutes to clear up the case. (*Gives him watch back*)

GEORGE. Yes, that's of no use. What's the next? Oh, here's one at 12:30. No, that's Saturdays only. Nothing else till 4 A.M. Gets him back to Paris at five. No, I'm afraid he'll have to stick it.

LEVARDIER. I say, George, listen to this. (*Reads. PAULINE and GEORGE move over to C.*) "At 10 o'clock last night M. Otard, a banker, residing at Versailles, surprised his wife in a private room at Maire's, the well-known restaurant on the Boulevard Sébastopol, with a man unknown. With two shots from his revolver he killed Madame Otard on

the spot and severely wounded her companion, whose identity has not yet been established. The wounded man was removed to the Hotel-Dieu, where he lies in a critical condition." What do you think of that? Fat old Otard, I know him!

PAULINE. There you go again! Really, René, you're quite hateful with your continual police court news. (*Moves to L.C.*)

LEVARDIER. But I call that most instructive. It's always interesting to me to discover what a man is capable of doing, or a woman, either.

PAULINE. (*Turning and facing him*) What do you mean?

LEVARDIER. In my opinion, this man Otard is not a criminal.

PAULINE. Not a criminal? But he killed his own wife!

LEVARDIER. Well, what was his wife?

PAULINE. What was M. Otard? Do you imagine his private life was spotless?

LEVARDIER. That has nothing to do with it.

PAULINE. Nothing to do with it! What a charming code of morality! How fair! How just! One law for the woman and another for the man—the lordly, immaculate male. (*Crosses and sits on settee L.C.*)

LEVARDIER. Another for the lordly, immaculate male, and a law you'll never alter. Whatever Otard may have been himself, if he caught his wife in *flagrante delictu*—

GEORGE. (*Moving forward*) But you don't know that he did?

LEVARDIER. Don't I?

GEORGE. (*Moving to table R.C.*) Then I imagine your contention to be this: upon certain provocation you say that a man is justified in taking the law into his own hands. (*LEVARDIER starts to*

Speak) Well, that's what it amounts to. It's the first time I ever heard of an examining magistrate putting up excuses for murder. (*Sits R.C.*) Aren't you rather overlooking the fact that the law of the land provides M. Otard with a fairly solid remedy for his wrongs?

LEVARDIER. What, the divorce court? Do you mean that? That's a precious institution, isn't it? I am one of those men, my dear George, and I'm not the first who are of the opinion that the law is an ass, though I administer the law.

GEORGE. I don't quite follow you?

LEVARDIER. I'll make myself clear. A man makes love to my wife. Very well, I am dishonored and I lose her. I lose my wife. But I have the intense satisfaction a year later of seeing her become her lover's wife. The law provides me with that blissful alternative. That's my remedy. And do you seriously suppose that that remedy satisfied me? Do you suppose that that assuages my grief? Does it provide for my human desire and my human right to be revenged? No, and I say that it should. There's no revenge in it. It heaps insult upon injury. It destroys my world and laughs at me and tells me to turn the other cheek. But that doesn't satisfy my thirst. The remedy should consist of punishment—suffering. Suffering, that I, the injured man, may see and feel. Then you satisfy me. To some extent you restore my self-respect, and you revitalize my crippled manhood.

GEORGE. I see. So your remedy is a revolver shot?

LEVARDIER. Don't let us misunderstand each other. I merely said that Otard was within his rights. I didn't say that I should have done the same thing. On the spur of the moment, no doubt

Otard thought that killing was the best method, and he killed. Personally, I don't think that killing is the best method of taking revenge. If you put a bullet through a man's head what satisfaction do you get out of it? You, the enraged husband? You don't make that man suffer. It's over in a couple of seconds. Similarly, the woman. (PAULINE rises and takes a step to c.) Oh, no, if Pauline deceived me I shouldn't kill her.

PAULINE. Don't you think we might discuss something else? I don't feel that all this is the best possible taste. Perhaps you do. (*Crosses to L.*)

LEVARDIER. In elemental human nature, my dear Pauline, the point of good or bad taste scarcely comes into the question. (LEVARDIER rising and moving to c. GEORGE rises also and moves to R. The quarter chimes are heard in the distance, followed by the hour chime, 10 o'clock) By gad, it's ten o'clock! (PAULINE crosses and pulls bell-cord L.) I shall miss that train if I'm not careful. This money ought to be locked up. (*Takes out envelope from his pocket*) In fact, it oughtn't to be here at all. Here, George, you're in a hole for money, how would you like this? (*Goes to GEORGE*)

GEORGE. Get thee behind me, Satan, and don't push. If I were caught with that, it might put me in a tighter hole than I am now. It shouldn't be here to tempt me.

LEVARDIER. It wouldn't be here if I'd had time to deposit it. (*Moves over to writing-table. PAULINE moves to above double doors*)

GEORGE. You ought to have a safe in this place.

LEVARDIER. Yes, with all this about. (*Producing keys and unlocking drawer*) However, this must do till morning. (*Placing notes in drawer and locking it. BAPTISTE enters down L.*) I want a taxi as quick as you can get it! (BAPTISTE exits)

through double doors) Pauline, get my coat. (*She crosses and exits R.*) I've left myself no time to change now. It's your fault, George, for involving me in ethical discussions. Well, Fontainebleau will have to put up with me in the garb of civilization. Fontainebleau! Ye gods! (*Goes up L.C. to window*) And I'm damned if it isn't snowing! Well, upon my——! (*GEORGE laughs and goes behind table R.C.*) Yes, it's all very well for you to laugh, you're not a poor devil of an examining magistrate. And don't you ever become one—(*PAULINE re-enters, carrying RENÉ's coat. She crosses to him and helps him on*)—my friend. It's a dog's life. No position, no income, no anything. Nothing but Fontainebleau. Fontainebleau in the snow! Now I must be off. (*PAULINE has helped him on and stands L. of him*)

BAPTISTE. (*Re-enters, leaving open double doors. Stands above doors*) The taxi's waiting, sir.

LEVARDIER. I'm coming. (*Turns to PAULINE, kisses her and says*) Good night. (*She moves up and behind piano down R.*)

GEORGE. (*Moving to R. of LEVARDIER*) I ought to be going, too.

LEVARDIER. Not you; stay and talk to Pauline. (*Fills his cigar-case from humidor on piano*)

GEORGE. I'm off to Brussels myself to-morrow morning early.

LEVARDIER. So you are, I'd forgotten. Things are pretty tight.

GEORGE. Tight! They're so tight that if I can't raise 50,000 francs in Brussels to-morrow, I'm broke.

LEVARDIER. As bad as that?

GEORGE. As bad as that.

LEVARDIER. Well, may the money-lenders be

good to you in Brussels. Good-night. (*Moving to D. doors*)

GEORGE. (C.) Good night. I say, Levardier, give my love to Fontainebleau.

LEVARDIER. Fontainebleau! Ooh! (*Folds his coat around him, and exits with an impatient exclamation. BAPTISTE follows, closing doors behind him. Slight pause, then clock on mantelpiece strikes ten. PAULINE moves slowly to C. GEORGE sits L.C.*)

GEORGE. Pauline, is this journey of his to Fontainebleau a trick?

PAULINE. (C.) A trick?

GEORGE. Yes. Is he really going to Fontainebleau? I believe he suspects.

PAULINE. Suspects what?

GEORGE. Us. You and me.

PAULINE. Nonsense!

GEORGE. I've never heard him talk as he talked just now. I didn't know he possessed such ideas.

PAULINE. Didn't you? You're not his wife. You don't know him. (*Sits C.*) You only know one side of him—not the side I know—the side I have to live with. Why, he's not a husband, he's an ambitious officer of the law. I know, according to the code, that *this* is wrong. But isn't he wrong? Do you think that he and I are friends or companions in any sense whatever? Not one. (*Rises and moves to R.C.*) Do you think we can ever look at the same picture, read the same book, or pray the same prayers? Never. If I only had something I could call my own! Something that would draw us nearer together, but there's nothing, nothing! (*Sits L. of R.C. table*) You know the way in which most of us French girls marry—almost without thinking—for every reason but the right one. That's how I married. And we don't realize what it may mean to us later on. But young girls are not women of the

world. I never knew what love could be till now.

GEORGE. (*Rising and going to c.*) Pauline, why won't you let me go to René and tell him that—just that?

PAULINE. Oh, it seems so brutal. It would hurt his pride so dreadfully. I don't want to hurt him, George, I don't want to hurt anyone.

GEORGE. I know you don't, but someone has got to be hurt. Your life's all wrong, Pauline. So is mine. I hate this deception. I loathe it—I detest it! So do you—it isn't right.

PAULINE. I don't know what is right. I don't know what is wrong. (*Rises*) I only know I love you. Is it *wrong* to love each other, George? It can't be.

GEORGE. I only know what is *considered wrong*, and I know I'd die for you—— (*Takes her hands*) Perhaps that's wrong.

PAULINE. How can you expect me not to love you when you talk like that? George, you're a sweet-minded darling.

GEORGE. I know I am a wonderful chap. I'm a white archangel. But that isn't quite the point. I suppose we ought to give each other up and cut it.

PAULINE. (*Clinging to him*) George, I won't be a martyr at twenty-one! I'm martyr enough already.

GEORGE. By Gad, I wish I were a king. I wish I were a king, Pauline. I'd make a few decent, simple laws, just a few of them to steer by.

PAULINE. But you're not a king, George, you're a stock-broker. (*BAPTISTE enters up L.C. They break away*) You can take away these things and then you can go to bed. (*GEORGE goes up R.C. BAPTISTE goes to R. of piano. To GEORGE*) You don't mind letting yourself out, do you?

GEORGE. (*Up c.*) Gracious, no! (BAPTISTE takes liqueur tray from piano and goes L.)

PAULINE. Baptiste had to wait up this morning till nearly two o'clock. (*To BAPTISTE, who stops*) M. Guérand will let himself out. And tell Natalie not to wait up for me, she may go to bed, too.

BAPTISTE. Yes, madame. (*Exits down L. Slight pause*)

GEORGE. (*Coming down L. of piano to L.C.*) Pauline, you may say what you like, but I'm suspicious. (PAULINE looks at him) Oh, my dear girl, don't misunderstand me. I'm not thinking of myself, but of you. All those horrible things he said about revenge just now. Wait till I come back from Brussels. Let me see you again then.

PAULINE. (*Moving to c.*) But, dear, it's absolutely safe. I'm quite certain. Really, you're alarmed about nothing. You are, really. I heard the telephone message myself.

GEORGE. Even if you did hear it, if you're an examining magistrate you can get anything telephoned to you.

PAULINE. But I'm not tricked like that. I telephoned to the judge's office half an hour afterwards myself, to find out if it was true, and it was. He must be at Fontainebleau and he can't possibly be back till long past five. George!

GEORGE. (*Going to her and taking her in his arms*) Oh, Eve, Eve, how can I resist the irresistible!

PAULINE. Am I irresistible?

GEORGE. You know you are. Everything in me goes out to you—and you're another man's wife. (*Breaking away and going down L.*) Oh, God, if you were not another man's wife!

PAULINE. I may be his wife, but you're my mate. You're my mate though you're not my hus-

band. Aren't there excuses for us, George? It's life, the elemental human nature René's so fond of talking about.

GEORGE. (*Going to her and taking her in his arms*) And we'll live our life—we'll live our life.

PAULINE. Yes, yes. (*They kiss, then lights fade out and curtain falls. The orchestra plays softly and music played off at the opening of the act. PAULINE changes off R. Change clock on mantelpiece to five o'clock. When PAULINE is ready, start wind-effect, then take up curtain*)

SCENE II. *As curtain rises chimes are heard striking the quarters. Pause. STRANGER comes to window and cuts a pane of glass with four deliberate strokes. The church clock strikes five, wind, which has slowed down, starts again. STRANGER opens window and enters; as the wind swells, he comes down to front of piano, flashing his torch as he does so. He stands there for a moment, looks around, then goes straight to the desk L.C.; he opens the drawer quickly and searches among the papers; he finally comes to the one LEVARDIER has apparently locked; he places torch on table and produces jimmy. He proceeds to pry drawer open as clock on mantel strikes five.*

PAULINE. (*Heard off, down R.*) Dearest. I heard it strike five, you must go. (*STRANGER, carrying torch, moves quickly to C.*)

GEORGE. (*After a slight pause*) Five! Is it really five o'clock? How the hours fly! (*STRANGER moves up R.C., pauses and listens*)

PAULINE. Time flies on golden wings when I'm with you. (*STRANGER conceals himself behind down stage curtain of window R.C. PAULINE en-*

ters and goes to door down L., listens and GEORGE follows slowly, leaving door open. PAULINE and GEORGE meet at the foot of settee, and GEORGE takes her in his arms)

GEORGE. (*Embracing her*) Oh, my girl, why is it so terribly hard to leave you?

PAULINE. But it's only till to-morrow. I shall see you to-morrow.

GEORGE. But to-morrow is years away.

PAULINE. If you talk like that I shall never, never let you go.

GEORGE. And I must go to Brussels.

PAULINE. And may Brussels give you everything you want to rescue you from your difficulties! I am coming with you just as far as the stairs, and in my heart I'm coming with you all the way.

GEORGE. (*Softly, and with great fervour*) There's a little dancing devil in your eyes, Pauline, a veritable sprite, and your eyes are like the shadow of a star.

PAULINE. How beautiful! But you mustn't stop to say delicious things to me about my eyes now. I wish you could. (*With a cautious gesture she goes to door L. and then up to head of settee. He follows*) Dearest, I shall not come back in here until I hear the front door close behind you. And when you get downstairs, remember to speak in a deep voice when you ask the concierge to pull the cord.

GEORGE. Why? (*Up to her and taking her hands*)

PAULINE. Because there's an engineer who lives in the flat upstairs and sometimes he goes out early like this. Do you see, the concierge will think it's he?

GEORGE. All right, I'll remember. (*Kisses her slowly*)

PAULINE. Come, then, dearest. (*Takes his hand and leads him off up L. through D. doors. When PAULINE and GEORGE exit, the light in the doorway is seen to go up. There is a pause and the STRANGER comes out quickly from behind curtain; he flashes his torch, comes to C. and goes quickly to desk L.C., opens drawer and takes out envelope. Takes out notes, leaving envelope on desk, flashes light on notes, and door is heard to slam off L.; he exits hurriedly through window up L.C., which he leaves open. PAULINE re-enters and moves slowly over to C. The noise and draught from the open window attracts her attention. She looks around, goes up to window, pauses, then goes behind settee and off L., calling*) Natalie! Natalie! Natalie! Come here!

NATALIE. (*Off-stage*) Yes, Madame, I'm coming. (*Their voices are heard off*)

PAULINE. (*Re-enters and goes to C.*) Natalie, there's been someone here. (*NATALIE follows, arranging her robe*) Someone's been in the room. (*NATALIE switches up lights. Lights—UP*) The window—it's been opened. Look, burglars have been here. The desk has been rifled. That money! Gone! They've taken it. Oh, my God! (*Moving to R.C. a little*)

NATALIE. (*Moving to L.C.*) Madame, what have they taken?

PAULINE. Money! Money! Thousands and thousands of francs!

NATALIE. Madame, are you sure?

PAULINE. (*R.C.*) Yes, certain! They know what to look for.

NATALIE. Madame, we must call the police.

PAULINE. (*Startled*) The police! No!

NATALIE. But, Madame, there's nothing else to do.

PAULINE. (*Thoughtfully*) Yes, you're right, we must call the police.

NATALIE. Shall I telephone, Madame?

PAULINE. No, I'll telephone. (*Crosses and sits L. of table R.C. Turns to NATALIE*) What is the number of the police station?

NATALIE. I don't know. (*Goes up and closes window*)

PAULINE. Give me the St. Honoré police station. (*NATALIE comes down c.*)

NATALIE. (*Looking round the room*) Madame, have they taken anything else?

PAULINE. I don't know. (*In phone*) Yes, is this the St. Honoré Police Station? Can you send someone here at once? A burglary has been committed here. It has just been discovered—money, a large sum of money. M. Levardier's flat—M. Levardier—no, M. Levardier is away from home—I'll hold the line. (*Pause. She looks at NATALIE, who draws her robe about her*) Yes, yes, yes. Faubourg St. Honoré 9. Thank you. They'll be here in five minutes.

NATALIE. Madame, you've not told me how you've found out. Did you hear a noise? (*PAULINE looks at her*) Did you hear a noise?

PAULINE. (*Deliberately*) Yes. Yes, I heard a noise. I heard a noise. It woke me up, then I—then I called you.

NATALIE. Oh, Madame, what a mercy you didn't come in when they were here!

PAULINE. Yes, the noise I heard must have been the opening of the window.

NATALIE. Yes, Madame.

PAULINE. Yes, it must have been the opening of the window.

NATALIE. Oh, Madame, what will the master

say? (*Pause*) Shall I call Baptiste, Madame?
(*Pause*) Shall I call Baptiste, Madame?

PAULINE. Yes.

NATALIE. Yes, Madame, I'll tell him to bring some coffee. (*Crosses and exits down L. PAULINE rises and goes up to desk L.C., kneels and examines open drawer. NATALIE enters and stands L.C.*) Baptiste will be here in a moment, Madame, with some coffee.

PAULINE. Bring me something to put on, I'm cold. (*NATALIE exits down R. Pause. PAULINE comes down L.C. NATALIE re-enters with wrap, crosses to PAULINE, helps her into it*) Are you sure you heard nothing?

NATALIE. Nothing, Madame, till you called.

PAULINE. (*Anxiously*) You heard no noise of any sort?

NATALIE. No, Madame.

PAULINE. And Baptiste heard nothing?

NATALIE. No, Madame, he says not. (*Pause. Bell rings off stage L. PAULINE looks at NATALIE. NATALIE exits through double doors. PAULINE crosses to R.C. and looks at desk, then faces audience. NATALIE re-enters, followed by the COMMISSAIRE OF POLICE and two AGENTS OF POLICE, who close D. doors as they enter. NATALIE exits down L. AGENTS stand at doors. COMMISSAIRE comes to L. of PAULINE, placing his hat on desk L.C.*)

COMMISSAIRE. Madame Levardier?

PAULINE. Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. I'm the Commissaire of Police for this district. Would you be good enough to tell me what has actually occurred here?

PAULINE. (*Pointing*) That desk has been broken open and some money has been extracted—a large sum of money.

COMMISSAIRE. Do you know the amount?

PAULINE. 200,000 francs.

COMMISSAIRE. Do you know in what form?

PAULINE. In one-thousand-franc notes.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Moving up to L.C. and down again to L. of piano*) This way in?

PAULINE. By the window, yes.

COMMISSAIRE. And nothing else has been taken except those notes?

PAULINE. I don't think so.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Indicating*) They were in this drawer?

PAULINE. Yes, my husband locked them up there last night before he went away.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Taking up envelope*) They were in an envelope?

PAULINE. Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Crossing to her*) Is this the envelope?

PAULINE. I think so.

COMMISSAIRE. Are these the numbers of the notes?

PAULINE. They may be.

COMMISSAIRE. They must be. (*Turns and calls*) Jean! (*SECOND AGENT comes to L. of him*) Get back to the department with this. (*Gives it to him*) Explain what's happened to the courtoi and tell him to have these numbers published in every paper in Paris. Quick now, don't lose a minute. (*JEAN exits L., carrying envelope*) The snow has done him a bad turn. (*Kneels and pats carpet*) The carpet here is quite damp. (*Rises*) Where is M. Levardier?

PAULINE. At Fontainebleau. (*Moves to R. of piano, avoiding COMMISSAIRE'S eye*) I expect him back any moment.

COMMISSAIRE. Who discovered this theft? (*Moves to up R.*)

"THE INTRUDER"

PAULINE. *I did.*

COMMISSAIRE. (*Moving back to c.*) It was you who telephoned?

PAULINE. (*Looking out at audience*) Yes. I was asleep and I was awakened by a noise. I think it was the sort of noise that might be made by the opening of a window.

COMMISSAIRE. (*c.*) And then you came into this room?

PAULINE. Yes. then I came in here and called my maid.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Glancing at the tracks*) Yes, there was only one of them. He came in by the window. One would almost think he was *disturbed*—(*PAULINE moves down R.C. uneasily*)—in some way. Something must have made him cautious. (*Goes up L.C., opens window, wind swells. Turns to other gendarme*) Pierre, come here. (*FIRST AGENT comes to window and looks out*) Follow those footmarks. Pick them up where they start under the window and follow them right on. (*AGENT goes to D. doors, pauses*) You can't miss the track. It's stopped snowing. If you come up to your man, arrest him. 200,000 francs in thousand-franc notes. Quick, now—hurry. (*AGENT exits*)

PAULINE. You think you can trace the man by his footprints?

COMMISSAIRE. (*Coming down L.C.*) Very likely. I'm counting on it, anyhow.

PAULINE. But there may be other footprints as well as his.

COMMISSAIRE. There can't be very many yet, it's too early. (*Glances at door down L.*) I should like to know who occupies this flat besides M. Levardier and yourself.

PAULINE. My maid and my husband's valet.

COMMISSAIRE. Have you any suspicions?

PAULINE. No, no, none!

COMMISSAIRE. You feel sure of them both?

PAULINE. Quite. No one but my husband and myself knew that those notes were in the house at all.

COMMISSAIRE. That was the maid, I suppose, who let us in just now? (BAPTISTE *enters down L. with tray. Stands R. of door L.*) And the valet?

PAULINE. This is the valet. (*Sits L. of R.C. table*)

COMMISSAIRE. (*Sternly*) You know, of course, that a burglary has been committed here?

BAPTISTE. I've just heard it from the maid. I always said the flat was dangerous and unprotected, especially when M. Levardier is away from home. A whole crowd of burglars could get in here and no one would be any the wiser.

COMMISSAIRE. What do you mean by that?

BAPTISTE. The house is very inconvenient—(*He catches PAULINE'S eye and corrects himself*)—as regards the bedrooms and the service. My room is up there. I should never hear anything. To get to my room I am obliged to go up a staircase by the kitchen—all away from this part of the house.

COMMISSAIRE. What time did you go to bed last night?

BAPTISTE. At about eleven o'clock. Madame gave me leave to go without waiting for her to retire.

PAULINE. (*Quickly*) He had been kept up very late the night before.

COMMISSAIRE. Very well, you may go. (BAPTISTE *crosses and places tray on table R.C. and exits down L.*) In my opinion, if the thief had an accomplice inside the house, he would have come in

by the door instead of the window, but I may be wrong. May I ask if you and M. Levardier were out last night?

PAULINE. No, we dined at home. A friend was with us—M. Guérand. At ten o'clock my husband left to go to Fontainebleau.

COMMISSAIRE. And did M. Guérand leave the house with your husband?

PAULINE. No, he stayed later. He was here till about twelve. He's an intimate friend of ours.

COMMISSAIRE. I see. (*Bell rings off stage L. Slight pause. BAPTISTE is heard explaining to LEVARDIER what has happened*)

BAPTISTE. Oh! Monsieur, I'm so glad you're back, a terrible thing has happened; a robbery.

LEVARDIER. A robbery! (*PAULINE rises. COMMISSAIRE moves L.*)

BAPTISTE. Yes, Monsieur, Madame discovered it; the Commissaire is here now. Natalie called me—I——

LEVARDIER. (*Enters through double doors. BAPTISTE follows him, still talking*) All right, don't chatter so. (*BAPTISTE exits, closing doors*) What's this all about, Commissaire? What's happened since I've been away? (*Comes to c.*)

COMMISSAIRE. I've just been called in, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Well, what is it? What's it all about? (*COMMISSAIRE points to table*) God Almighty, not those notes! Pauline, you don't mean to tell me that——! (*Goes up and takes up open drawer*)

PAULINE. (*Horried*) Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. They got off with them, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. (*Coming down*) Man alive, do you know the amount?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. 200,000 francs!

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. But it's unthinkable!—I must have some exceptional thieves watching me! I leave my house for a few hours and they choose that particular moment out of all eternity to do this. (*Throws drawer on to settee L.C.*) And what are you fellows doing? You police? Don't you know who the crooks of Paris are? Haven't you got any system? Why, damn it, I didn't know myself at five o'clock yesterday afternoon that those notes would be in my possession at all. It only happened by the merest accident. And when they were here not a soul in the world could have known except my wife and a friend. What sort of thieves' kitchen am I living in! Who's watching me? Does the damned atmosphere rain thieves? Well, of all the cursed luck! (*Crosses to PAULINE*) You're not hurt?

PAULINE. No.

COMMISSAIRE. Make yourself easy, Monsieur. I think we're on his track. He left his footmarks in the snow.

LEVARDIER. (*Back to c.*) Well, are they being followed up?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Who discovered this? (*Turns to PAULINE*) You?

PAULINE. Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. Madame Levardier was disturbed by the noise, and in four minutes we were in the house. You can't do it much quicker than that, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. (*To PAULINE*) Weren't you asleep, then?

PAULINE. Well, I hardly know. I suppose I

must have been or I should have heard the noise sooner than I did.

LEVARDIER. I suppose you heard them going out?

PAULINE. Yes, I suppose so.

LEVARDIER. Why the devil didn't you hear them coming in? But who in the name of damnation were they? (*To COMMISSAIRE*) What about the servants?

COMMISSAIRE. Madame Levardier told me that the servants couldn't possibly have known that those notes were in the house.

LEVARDIER. No, no more they could. There's nothing else gone, I suppose? (*Turns his back to audience*) I see they left the piano. It seems to me they knew exactly what they wanted and where to find it, and they took it. This fairly beats me, Commissaire. I suppose they've collared the lot, envelope and all?

COMMISSAIRE. No, Monsieur, the envelope was left.

LEVARDIER. What! Then you've got the numbers?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Published them?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Well, you've been pretty sharp about it, Commissaire, I'll say that for you.

COMMISSAIRE. Thank you, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. But I don't understand about that envelope. Why leave the envelope with all the numbers on it for us to publish? That's rather simple, ain't it? It doesn't seem to me to be like professionals at all.

COMMISSAIRE. It's my notion that the man was disturbed at his job. (*PAULINE looks alarmed*) He got flustered.

LEVARDIER. Oh, how do you get at that?

COMMISSAIRE. From the marks—look. (*Points at them C.* PAULINE *moves to R. of them and looks anxiously*)

LEVARDIER. (*Kneeling and examining them*) Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. One man, you see, only one. You see he came in by that window, he stood there for a moment, then went to the desk. Was evidently disturbed—and hid behind that portière. (*Indicates*) Finally he came back, got what he wanted, and made his escape through the window.

LEVARDIER. (*Thoughtfully*) Yes, I see that. Look here, Commissaire, doesn't it seem to you that there's an impression of a smaller foot touching the larger one? Smudged—that way—you see? You can see it distinctly just here. It looks as if it was done by someone coming from there—(*Points down R.*)—and going there. (*Indicates double door L.*)

PAULINE. (*Quickly, and avoiding his eye*) I must have crossed them when they were quite wet.

COMMISSAIRE. Or they may be mine or yours.

LEVARDIER. (*Rising*) Just see if they continue on the other side of the door. (*COMMISSAIRE exits through double doors*)

LEVARDIER. (*Moves to PAULINE*) When did you cross those footprints—exactly when?

PAULINE. It must have been directly after I heard the noise—when I came in here.

LEVARDIER. I see. And then you called Natalie.

PAULINE. Yes, then we telephoned at once. And then Natalie called Baptiste. And then a little time afterwards he came in with some coffee.

LEVARDIER. (*Moving to L.C. and removing his coat*) Well, he must be caught—if human ingenuity can do it. If he isn't, I'm done, finished. (*Throws coat on settee L.C.*)

PAULINE. But it isn't your fault, after all. (*Moves down R.C.*)

LEVARDIER. (*Taking up drawer again*) Not my fault? Then whose fault is it? If I'm not to blame, who is, I should like to know? I'm responsible. It's my fault that the notes were here in the house at all. And of course they never ought to have been here. If I'm fool enough to allow myself to be robbed, I suppose it's up to me, isn't it? Do you think I shall be able to say it was the cat? Of course it's my fault. (*Crosses and goes up L.C. with drawer*) But a man can't think of everything. One's head gets too full. One's expected to be a magistrate and a policeman and a human being and a night watchman. (*Bangs drawer back in desk*) That chap at Fontainebleau is dead. (*Goes R.C.*)

PAULINE. Dead?

LEVARDIER. Yes, and a good job, too. I wish I was dead when things like this happen. (*COMMISSAIRE enters*) Well?

COMMISSAIRE. (*Coming down L.C.*) No tracks on that side of the door, Monsieur. (*PAULINE shows great relief*)

LEVARDIER. Oh!

COMMISSAIRE. I had a word with the concierge.

LEVARDIER. Oh, you have, have you? I was wondering when you were going to talk to him. Well, what's he got to say?

COMMISSAIRE. Someone left the house this morning at a little after five.

LEVARDIER. Well, I don't know that that takes my breath away particularly. Why shouldn't someone leave the house at a little after five?

COMMISSAIRE. It's only important because that must have been about the time that the burglary was committed.

LEVARDIER. Yes, I see. Well, who was it? Does the concierge know?

COMMISSAIRE. He pulled the door cord in the usual way from his *bed*. He *actually* saw *no one*.

PAULINE. It must have been the engineer upstairs. He often goes out early.

LEVARDIER. Does he? You're very well informed.

PAULINE. You must often have heard him yourself. (*Re-enter FIRST AGENT OF POLICE. He comes down between LEVARDIER and the COMMISSAIRE*)

COMMISSAIRE. Well?

FIRST AGENT. The footprints lead through the Rue Royale to the Quai d'Orsay—to the neighborhood of the railway terminus.

COMMISSAIRE. Did you lose them there?

AGENT. The morning traffic thereabouts was a bit too thick.

COMMISSAIRE. You didn't come up to your man?

AGENT. There's two of them.

LEVARDIER AND COMMISSAIRE. Two!

AGENT. (*To LEVARDIER*) Yes, Monsieur. (*To COMMISSAIRE*) There's two sets of footmarks, side by side, right away up to the Quai d'Orsay, like as if two men were walking together. One's a small foot—looks like a gentleman's boot—and the other's a bit bigger—might have been worn by a working man perhaps. A bit rougher than the other. The big one starts right away from underneath the window there, and the little one right in front of the street door. Then they join up further on. And now it's started to snow again. (*Pause*)

COMMISSAIRE. All right, that'll do. (*AGENT exits*)

LEVARDIER. Two of them!

COMMISSAIRE. One inside and one out—working together.

LEVARDIER. (*Crossing down R. slowly*) Yes, it's funny about those footmarks. (*Looking at them*) In fact, it's a damn funny business altogether. (*Exits down R.*)

PAULINE. Then on the whole, Commissaire, you think an arrest likely?

COMMISSAIRE. I can't say, but there's something to go on. We don't always have that.

PAULINE. No, I suppose not. Thank you very much for all you've done for us. You've been very kind.

LEVARDIER. (*Re-entering and moving to c.*) All right, Commissaire, that'll do. I shall be round at the Department in about ten minutes and I shall have some directions to give you.

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, Monsieur. (*Goes up to double doors, turns, bows to PAULINE, takes up his hat and says*) Good morning, Madame.

PAULINE. Good morning, and thank you very much.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Bows and says*) Monsieur. (*LEVARDIER bows and COMMISSAIRE exits*)

LEVARDIER. (*After a pause, takes a step to her*) When did you say our friend George returns from Brussels?

PAULINE. (*Avoiding his eye*) I think he comes back to-morrow. Why?

LEVARDIER. I merely wanted to know. (*Pause*) Hadn't you better dress? Or perhaps you'd rather go back to bed?

PAULINE. Yes, of course. (*Exits slowly down R., closing door after her. LEVARDIER watches her, then turns and faces audience. At the same time he takes GEORGE'S watch from his pocket, holds it up and examines it, then turns and looks at door down R.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: GUÉRAND'S apartment in Paris. Double doors C. Windows L.C. Fireplace R. Door R. Writing table L.C. Armchair L. of table. Small chair R. of table. Settee R.C.)

DISCOVERED: When curtain rises, double doors are open and stage is empty. GEORGE GUÉRAND enters up R., wearing an overcoat and carrying a suitcase, which he puts down at head of settee. Crosses to double doors and calls "FRANCOIS." Goes back to head of settee R.C. and starts to remove his coat and gloves. As FRANCOIS enters C. from L. coming down L.C.

FRANCOIS. Good morning, Monsieur! I hope you've had a pleasant journey, Monsieur?

GEORGE. No, I'm hanged if I did. They keep those trains so infernally hot. Has anyone called while I've been away? (Gives hat and coat to FRANCOIS)

FRANCOIS. No, Monsieur!

GEORGE. Where are my letters?

FRANCOIS. On the writing-table, Monsieur.

GEORGE. (Crossing to table) All right. You might let me have some coffee.

FRANCOIS. Yes, Monsieur. I had it in readiness for you.

GEORGE. Excellent person, you remember everything. That bilge-water they give you on the trains isn't fit for cattle.

FRANCOIS. No, Monsieur. (*Exits through double doors to L., carrying suitcase, hat and coat. GEORGE sits at desk L.C., takes up telephone receiver*)

GEORGE. Give me 20-1144. Hello, is that M. Forquet's office? I want to speak with M. Forquet. . . . I can't help that, I want to speak to M. Forquet, himself . . . hello . . . hello, is that you, Forquet? I'm Guérand. Forquet, I can't raise that money, I can only scrape together 20,000 francs and I tried every blessed soul I could think of. . . . Money's tight in Brussels, too . . . you know what a pot of money I've dropped in the last week or two. . . . Oh! Don't bleed me to death, damn you. . . . No, only the balance, you shall have the 20,000 francs, all right, I knew you would. I'll bring . . . (*FRANCOIS enters from C., carrying tray. GEORGE looks up, sees him, then speaks in telephone*) I'll send François around with it at once. (*FRANCOIS places tray on up stage end of desk. GEORGE still at telephone*) Who's François? He's my nurse. (*Looks at FRANCOIS, who smiles and pours out coffee*) Trust him? Of course, I can trust him. He nursed my father before me. . . . All right, good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver. Sips at coffee*) Not much luck in Brussels, François. No one's got any money in this beast of a world, and I suppose in the next we sha'n't want any—we shall move harps and guitars and do fox-trots and go to the movies—damned awful to be poor, isn't it, François?

FRANCOIS. I'm told so, Monsieur. Can I be of any assistance to you, Monsieur?

GEORGE. Well, I don't know, I'm sure. . . . 50,000 francs? (*Continues to write*)

FRANCOIS. I couldn't run to that, Monsieur.

GEORGE. No more can I, François. 50,000 was all I needed and I could only raise twenty.

FRANCOIS. That's a lot of money, Monsieur.

GEORGE. (*Taking out envelope and addressing it*) It's a hell of a lot of money, François, if you haven't got it. I wonder if I could rob a bank? Did you ever rob a bank, François? (*Takes out 20,000 francs from wallet and places them in envelope*)

FRANCOIS. (*Smiling*) Not yet, Monsieur.

GEORGE. Well! I wish you'd begin, then you might be of some use to me. Seriously, François, if I can't raise 50,000 francs, I shall have to give you the sack.

FRANCOIS. (*Greatly surprised*) You don't mean that, Monsieur?

GEORGE. Yes, François, I do mean it. I'm going to dismiss you with about the best character a master ever gave a man.

FRANCOIS. I don't understand, Monsieur?

GEORGE. A bankrupt can't afford the luxury of your society. . . . Now do you understand?

FRANCOIS. Yes, Monsieur, and I very much regret it.

GEORGE. So do I, François. If there is a thing I detest, it's having to brush my own trousers, but probably I sha'n't have any to brush soon . . . but there's one thing you can do for me . . . you can take this around to M. Forquet and tell him . . . (*Bell rings off stage R. FRANCOIS exits R. GEORGE rises and comes to L.C. FRANCOIS re-enters*)

FRANCOIS. There's a lady to see you, Monsieur.

GEORGE. Please take these things away. (*FRANCOIS takes tray. FRANCOIS exits through double doors L. GEORGE and PAULINE meet C.*)

GEORGE. Pauline! What is it . . . is there anything the matter?

PAULINE. (*Greatly agitated*) Haven't you seen the papers?

GEORGE. No. I've only this second got back from Brussels.

PAULINE. George, we've been robbed . . . yesterday . . . just after you left . . . while you were there, perhaps.

GEORGE. What! (*Goes up and closes double doors, coming back to PAULINE*) Pauline! What are you saying?

PAULINE. Those notes, you remember, René locked them up in front of us, while you were there.

GEORGE. Well?

PAULINE. As soon as I came back into the room after I heard the front door close behind you, I saw . . . the place had been ransacked, rifled—René's desk was broken open and the notes had gone . . . everything gone. Of course, the police had been there. I telephoned, I was compelled to, at once, and we've all been questioned . . . I and the servants, both of them. . . . I've been cross-examined as if I were a thief. They searched everywhere and examined everything. Oh! My God, suppose they found some trace of you!

GEORGE. Yes, but have they? They couldn't!

PAULINE. I don't know, I'm sure, but there's something wrong. I came to tell you.

GEORGE. But do you—do you think René suspects anything between you and me? That's much more important than . . .

PAULINE. I don't know—I don't know what's in his mind—something is. He terrifies me, he's altered, he's quite different. George, suppose they—suppose they heard us?

GEORGE. Who, the thieves? They couldn't have—we didn't hear them.

PAULINE. I've been as careful as I could. Of course, I was taken by surprise and perhaps I said something—I don't know—I may have been over-careful, perhaps. I may have awakened suspicion without intending it. René's as vigilant—he came back in the middle of it all, and, of course, he's dreadfully upset. The Commissaire was there asking me questions when he came in; they noticed every little thing—the muddy marks on the floor and the footprints, the footprints in the snow around the house outside. They had the footprints followed, they traced them through the Rue Royale, and, of course, I said you left at twelve o'clock.

GEORGE. Yes.

PAULINE. So perhaps they won't connect the footprints with you.

GEORGE. No, of course not—why should they?

PAULINE. But suppose they do—suppose they do?

GEORGE. Dear girl, pull yourself together, you're trembling like a leaf.

PAULINE. I'm utterly unstrung.

GEORGE. Of course you are. Everything always seems at its worst in the morning—I feel like a rag myself.

PAULINE. (*Crosses to R. of table L.C.*) Oh, why did I beg you to stay, why? Why, George, René's immersed in this! Immersed!

GEORGE. Well, that's quite natural enough.

PAULINE. Yes, but he's so quiet. Unnaturally quiet, in a way that isn't like him.

GEORGE. He's hard hit. He's responsible for 200,000 francs.

PAULINE. Yes, but there's something beyond that . . . I can feel it. It's atmospheric—he's suspicious—he's hunting—hunting—(*Crosses to settee R.C.*)—he reminds me of a bloodhound—a hungry,

well-trained bloodhound. Oh, my God! (*Leans against settee*)

GEORGE. Dear girl, sit down! (*Helps her to sit, she places her muff beside her*)

PAULINE. He's made me feel since yesterday that he's capable of anything. If you'd seen the expression on his face when he asked me how soon you'd be back from Brussels.

GEORGE. Oh! He's inquired about me, then?

PAULINE. Yes.

GEORGE. What did he say?

PAULINE. Oh! Only that—but it was the way he said it.

GEORGE. How did he say it? I wonder what put me into his head?

PAULINE. I don't know, but I'm certain he suspects. (*Pause. He goes above settee and down R.*)

GEORGE. Well, I'm ready for him!

PAULINE. Oh, you're so different! Half of you is poet and the other half is . . . I don't know . . . but René's three-quarters detective and the other half is judge, unbending, unmerciful judge!

GEORGE. Well! I've not been particularly merciful to him, have I?

PAULINE. Don't!

GEORGE. Let's call things by their right names. (*Sits beside her*) We've always been honest with each other, as far as we could. I've done him the greatest wrong one man can do another.

PAULINE. I know, and think what I have done.

GEORGE. We met too late, he got you before I did, and then this began. (*Kisses her hand—she strokes his hair*)

PAULINE. George! I want you to destroy all my photographs—will you? All of them that you've got—that one—— (*Glances at photographs on desk L.C.*) And my letters. Now, dear, at once—don't

leave a trace of anything that could connect you with me. I'm frightened. At a word from René your place could be searched, through and through. Remember what he is. Remember what an awful thing the law is!

GEORGE. The other night René called the law an ass.

PAULINE. So it may be, when one is outside it, but a jealous husband and examining magistrate . . .

GEORGE. Yes, I'll burn everything.

PAULINE. I hate asking you to do it—but you understand, dear, don't you?

GEORGE. Of course, you're right. (*Rises and goes to L.C.*) I can't take it in quite yet. It's an awful thing, this . . . awful.

PAULINE. (*Rising*) Dearest, I ought to go. Coming here at all was risky. Can you tell me the time?

GEORGE. I left my watch here yesterday when I rushed off to Brussels. (*Goes up to c. doors, opens them and calls*) François, bring my watch here. (*To PAULINE*) It's quite early, I don't think the Brussels train was late. It must be about ten.

PAULINE. Not more than ten?

GEORGE. No, I've been back about twenty minutes. (*Comes down.* FRANÇOIS *enters down c.*) What's the time, François?

FRANÇOIS. Twenty minutes past ten, Monsieur. (*c.*)

GEORGE. Thanks. Have you got my watch?

FRANÇOIS. You left your watch at M. Levardier's, Monsieur.

GEORGE. What! I left it here yesterday, you duffer, when I went off to Brussels.

FRANÇOIS. I think not, Monsieur. M. Levardier sent this man around to say that your watch was at his house when you required it.

GEORGE. Oh, all right. Yes, I remember . . . that'll do. (*FRANCOIS exits c. to L., closing doors behind him. Pause, GEORGE crosses to her*) Then what you've been saying is true. René knows.

PAULINE. Yes.

GEORGE. Of course, this explains everything; he knows.

PAULINE. I knew he did, I knew! (*Crosses to L.C. and sits*)

GEORGE. Wait a moment, where did I leave it?

PAULINE. Doesn't René's message tell you?

GEORGE. I'm not sure. It was quite natural to let me know, after all. I can't remember leaving it anywhere. It's just possible that I—— (*Crosses to L.*) Didn't we look up trains? Yes, we did. I may have taken it out then. Was I wearing a fob, do you remember?

PAULINE. I don't remember. But, don't you see? This message is René's method. He chooses that way of telling you, because he's subtle—he likes twisting the knife. It's René, René all over. If he'd only come to you like a man, but he prefers slow poison, he likes torturing people. Isn't it just what he was saying the other night?

GEORGE. And I thought he suspected then?

PAULINE. But now I see the meaning of those quiet sardonic smiles and those questions about you. (*She sobs. Pause. He comes to R. of her and pacifies her. Recovering herself, she goes on*) Well, that's the end of it . . . I'm branded now . . . he knows and somehow he'll make me pay.

GEORGE. Well, what I shall do is this. I shall meet René absolutely naturally as if nothing whatever has happened, and if we find out he really knows . . .

PAULINE. Well?

GEORGE. Then, no more lies. Face it out with

me—face it out with me. (*Kneels beside her*) Will you do that, Pauline—will you do that, Pauline? (*She looks out front*)

PAULINE. (*Turning to him, having made up her mind*) Yes.

GEORGE. (*Kisses her hand and, after a pause, raises her to her feet*) Pauline, you're fine! (*She crosses to settee R.C. and picks up her muff. He crosses and takes her in his arms*) I love you—I love you and I'll do anything I can to prove it. (*They embrace. He crosses to door R., opens it. PAULINE exits, he follows her. Slight pause. The outer door is heard to slam, off stage. GEORGE re-enters, closes door behind him. Crosses L. behind table, takes PAULINE'S photograph out of frame, reluctantly tears it up, then takes keys from pocket, opens down-stage bottom drawer, takes out letters, which he tears up, holding them in his hands, moves toward C. when bell rings. FRANCOIS enters through double doors and goes off R. GEORGE crosses to fireplace and burns letters. FRANCOIS re-enters*)

FRANCOIS. There's a gentleman at the door, Monsieur, asking to see you.

GEORGE. Who is he?

FRANCOIS. He gave no name, Monsieur, but he said it was important.

GEORGE. Show him in. (*GEORGE crosses back to L. of table. FRANCOIS re-enters, showing on STRANGER from Act I. FRANCOIS exits through double doors to L. STRANGER comes to C.*)

STRANGER. May I ask if we can be overheard here?

GEORGE. No, no one can overhear.

STRANGER. (*Indicating doors*) Would you be kind enough to close those doors? My business is private and confidential.

GEORGE. (*Goes up and closes doors*) Now, may

I ask what your business is? (*Goes back to L. of table and sits*)

STRANGER. I'll come straight to the point. You may possibly know that a burglary was committed yesterday morning, at the house of M. Levardier?

GEORGE. So I understand.

STRANGER. You're a great friend of M. Levardier and of his wife, Madame Levardier. Madame Levardier, in fact, left this house a few moments ago.

GEORGE. Will you be good enough to tell me who you are and what the devil you're insinuating?

STRANGER. By all means. I'm here to speak plainly, as plainly in fact as any man can speak to another. (*Places hat on table and sits R. of it*) I am the—individual who committed the crime.

GEORGE. Indeed! I imagine you are in full possession of your wits.

STRANGER. I see you have a sense of humor.

GEORGE. I'll do my best to make it quite clear. (*Takes up receiver of telephone. In telephone*) Can you tell me the number of the nearest police station?

STRANGER. (*Quite calmly*) 14-7231.

GEORGE. I'm much obliged to you.

STRANGER. Not at all.

GEORGE. (*Still holding receiver*) Can you suggest any reason why I shouldn't make use of it?

STRANGER. I can suggest several, if you will do me the favor to listen to them.

GEORGE. (*In telephone*) Never mind. (*Puts receiver back. To STRANGER*) I will do you the favor to bestow just sixty seconds upon you and your affairs.

STRANGER. I think that will be ample. It would take me far less time than that, for example, to inform your friends—(*Indicating phone*)—the police,

that it was you, who made it possible for me to enter M. Levardier's house. (*Looks squarely at GEORGE*) You see, it so happened that we were there at the same time, each of us, I take it for purely illegal purposes—our purposes, if I may say so, to prove with what consummate ease the human animal may achieve its dubious ends. You, for example, were occupied with the breach of one commandment, while I was occupied with the breach of another . . . the sixty seconds I fancy must be about up.

GEORGE. I see. Is that all? (STRANGER *bows politely*) Blackmail! (STRANGER *rises and moves to c. a little*)

STRANGER. Do names matter? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

GEORGE. You scoundrel!

STRANGER. Scoundrel? (*Crossing above chair to table*) You prefer plain speech? Very well, you shall have it. I was hidden in the room at five o'clock yesterday morning, when you were making your very poetic adieu.

GEORGE. Oh!

STRANGER. (*Imitating his tone*) Yes.

GEORGE. I see.

STRANGER. Umph! (*Slight pause*)

GEORGE. Well, what's your price?

STRANGER. (*Very satisfied*) Ah!

GEORGE. (*Opening up-stage drawer of table*) At once. My revolver is under my hand.

STRANGER. Quite so, mine is in my hand. (*Takes out revolver and moves to R. of table*) Now, then, a little farther from that table, do you hear me? (GEORGE *does so*) Thank you. I have called upon you, M. Guérand, because I find it extremely difficult to make use of these notes—(*produces them*)—particularly since the numbers have been published. They are of no use to me, but

after some reflection, it occurred to me that nothing in this world, perhaps, would give you greater pleasure than to be able to post them back to M. Levardier, from the nearest letter-box—anonymously, of course. He'll never know or suspect the identity of the sender. Putting myself in your position, I argued that that is what I myself should desire. It would nullify a number of exceedingly awkward questions, and I have very little doubt but that Madame Levardier would be of practically the same opinion. Proceeding upon that hypothesis, I have done myself the honor of presenting myself to you with what seems to me to be the key to your situation.

GEORGE. The weak point in your argument is the fact that you will probably continue to present yourself to me, from time to time, provided I do business. On the whole, I think I prefer one of your extremely serviceable cart-ridges.

STRANGER. Unfortunately, my revolver is not loaded—(GEORGE *makes a movement as though to get his revolver*)—probably yours is. I keep it mainly for effect, it seldom fails—— (*Replaces revolver in pocket*) With regard to my further visits, I hardly know what to say.

GEORGE. Will you be good enough to tell me who the devil you are?

STRANGER. Does it matter? I was a gentleman once, but, of course, one outgrows those natural handicaps and as you know, from——

GEORGE. What's your price?

STRANGER. 50,000 francs.

GEORGE. Twenty.

STRANGER. Fifty.

GEORGE. Twenty. To be quite frank with you, that's all I have.

STRANGER. That being the case, I'll not be outdone in generosity. I'll accept.

GEORGE. And proof—absolute proof that you were in Levardier's house.

STRANGER. Certainly. Proof to the tune of two hundred thousand francs.

GEORGE. No, I want proof that you were the man who took them and how you knew that they were there.

STRANGER. My dear friend, that's my business. I know my business like any other professional man. I never lost track of those notes from the time they were first stolen, but don't ask me for the details of my craft. You wouldn't ask a doctor, you wouldn't ask a lawyer, you wouldn't even ask a clergyman. There are certain things we must take for granted—what else will you accept as proof?

GEORGE. That's up to you, I want proof.

STRANGER. Something you said?

GEORGE. Something I said—if I recognize it.

STRANGER. (*After a pause*) "There's a little dancing devil in your eyes, Pauline!" (GEORGE nods) I thought that quite charming. How I should like to make use of it myself!

GEORGE. I deny your implication absolutely. Do you understand—absolutely!

STRANGER. Certainly. Placed in your position, I would do the same thing—one never gives a woman away.

GEORGE. If I do business with you, it's only to restore the notes to M. Levardier.

STRANGER. Quite so—quite so. I feel in a sense that we're quite old friends.

GEORGE. Fortunately that is a delusion on your part.

STRANGER. (*As GEORGE takes notes from envelope*) Well, there is one bond; we are both

thieves, and there's a certain freemasonry in crime, when all is said and done—perhaps you don't feel it?

GEORGE. Not yet.

STRANGER. (*Shrugging his shoulders*) Very well.

GEORGE. (*Holding notes out*) 20,000 francs.

STRANGER. (*Also holding out his notes*) 200,000 francs. (*They exchange bundles*)

GEORGE. Are they all here?

STRANGER. Oh, Monsieur! (*As the STRANGER is about to put GEORGE's notes in his pocket*)

GEORGE. You had better count them.

STRANGER. I'll take your word for it. (*Places them in his pocket*) I little thought when I appropriated those notes, that I should be glad to sell them again for twenty. I blame those trains from Fontainebleau. I think you'll agree with me, Monsieur Guérand, that those early morning trains quite spoilt our night out.

GEORGE. I think our business is concluded. (*STRANGER starts to move towards door R.*) Just a moment. (*Takes envelope from drawer and puts notes in, then crosses back to table. STRANGER stops and turns to him*) I will ask you to kindly address this envelope to M. René Levardier. (*Hands him pen. Looks at him*) He knows my hand-writing.

STRANGER. Those in authority may know mine. However, I have more than one. (*Sits at table and writes*)

GEORGE. (*Dictating—going to above table*) M. René Levardier, Rue St. Honoré—

STRANGER. (*Quickly*) Number nine. I know the address. Shall I drop it in the nearest letter-box?

GEORGE. No, thank you. I'll attend to that my-

self, you may forget it and I can't afford to buy those notes back twice.

STRANGER. (*Dropping envelope at up-stage end of table and rising*) Monsieur, I may be a thief, but I am a man of honor!

GEORGE. Well, I'm sorry I'm unable to provide you with any further entertainment. (*Slight pause*) And, as you have just remarked, I think our business is concluded. (*Goes to door R. and opens it.* STRANGER *crosses to L. of him*)

STRANGER. Do you know, I like you so much that I feel tempted to offer you my hand?

GEORGE. I must regretfully deny myself the pleasure of accepting it.

STRANGER. A palpable hit. If I may venture one more remark, I'm not surprised that the women like you—I like you myself and I only regret that circumstances compel me to take you at a disadvantage—as far as I'm concerned, I think you're charming—charming. (*Exits. GEORGE watches him off and closes door behind him, then crosses back to L.C. FRANCOIS enters with small coffee tray, crosses and places it at head of table, unconsciously covering envelope the STRANGER has placed there*)

FRANCOIS. You hardly touched your breakfast, Monsieur, so I've made you some more coffee. (*Door-bell rings. STRANGER enters hurriedly*)

STRANGER. The Commissaire of Police!

GEORGE. The Police! (*FRANCOIS crosses and exits R.*)

STRANGER. (*Looking around and catching sight of double doors*) Is that a bedroom?

GEORGE. Yes. (*STRANGER motions GEORGE to be silent and exits through double doors to L. All this is done very quickly. FRANCOIS enters immediately, leaving door open, moving to C. in great alarm.*)

FRANCOIS. Monsieur, the police! The police!

GEORGE. (*Crossing and closing door R.*) I want that letter posted. That one on the writing table! (*FRANCOIS crosses to behind table and picks up the one addressed to M. Forquet*) Get outside and post it in the nearest letter box. Tell any sort of a lie but get out and post it. Put it inside your coat! (*FRANCOIS does so and moves over to R.C.* GEORGE moves down R. The COMMISSAIRE enters quickly, followed by two AGENTS OF POLICE. FIRST AGENT stands R. of double doors. SECOND AGENT stands below door R.)

COMMISSAIRE. (*To FRANCOIS*) What do you mean by keeping me waiting? (*Turning to GEORGE*) Monsieur George Guérand?

GEORGE. That is my name.

COMMISSAIRE. I'm instructed to examine you in reference to a burglary committed at the house of M. Levardier yesterday morning.

GEORGE. Is the presence of my servant necessary?

COMMISSAIRE. He may remain within call. (*FRANCOIS exits R.*)

GEORGE. And now may I ask you to explain the meaning of this intrusion? What is your authority?

COMMISSAIRE. I'm here for the purpose of making that clear to you. We are informed that you dined at M. Levardier's house the night before last.

GEORGE. Well?

COMMISSAIRE. At what time did you leave the house?

GEORGE. Twelve o'clock—midnight.

COMMISSAIRE. And you returned to your flat?

GEORGE. I did.

COMMISSAIRE. I understand that yesterday you went to Brussels?

GEORGE. Yes.

COMMISSAIRE. What was the object of your journey to Brussels?

GEORGE. Private business.

COMMISSAIRE. I must ask you to tell me of what nature?

GEORGE. Of a financial nature.

COMMISSAIRE. You are in financial difficulties?

GEORGE. I am.

COMMISSAIRE. And your journey to Brussels was undertaken with the object of raising money there?

GEORGE. (*After a slight pause*) Yes, it was.

COMMISSAIRE. What means did you take to do so?

GEORGE. I decline to answer any question you put. Such a question as that is entirely outside your province.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Sternly*) I am acting under instructions, M. Guérand. The question you object to was put to you on the supposition that your journey to Brussels was connected with the sale of those stolen notes.

GEORGE. (*Amazed*) What! (*Crosses angrily to COMMISSAIRE*) Then I deny it—deny it—absolutely.

COMMISSAIRE. You were aware that those notes were in the possession of M. Levardier?

GEORGE. Well, what of it?

COMMISSAIRE. You knew them to be deposited in a certain desk in M. Levardier's house?

GEORGE. Certainly. M. Levardier turned the key on them in my presence.

COMMISSAIRE. Quite so. Well, M. Guérand, it is known that the thief entered by the window and made straight for the desk—that can be proven. It follows that the thief must have been aware, not only of the existence of these notes but where they

were to be found. These facts were known only to M. Levardier, Madame Levardier and to yourself. It follows that the thief, whoever he was, must have had some accomplice in the house.

GEORGE. (*Heatedly*) What the devil are you insinuating? Do you suggest that I took those notes?

COMMISSAIRE. My business is not to insinuate, but to examine. (*Slight pause*)

GEORGE. Well! (*Moves a little to R.*)

COMMISSAIRE. How did you leave M. Levardier's house?

GEORGE. By the door, of course.

COMMISSAIRE. And as you went out, did you open the door for yourself?

GEORGE. I asked the concierge to pull the cord, in the usual way.

COMMISSAIRE. At twelve o'clock?

GEORGE. At twelve o'clock.

COMMISSAIRE. The concierge denies that any such request was made until a little after five o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE. Then the concierge is a damned liar.

COMMISSAIRE. He asserts that no one left the house until a few minutes after five.

GEORGE. And I swear I left it at twelve!

COMMISSAIRE. Did you come home at once upon leaving M. Levardier's?

GEORGE. Yes. (*FRANCOIS has entered on GEORGE'S last speech and is moving toward double doors, when the COMMISSAIRE turns and says*)

COMMISSAIRE. Come here. (*FRANCOIS comes down to R. of COMMISSAIRE hesitatingly*) At what time did M. Guérand return home on the night preceding his departure for Brussels? (*FRANCOIS hesitates and looks at GUÉRAND. Turning to FRANCOIS to face him*) Answer my question! At what time

did he return home? (FRANCOIS *still hesitates*)
Answer me!

FRANCOIS. (*Slowly*) He came in about six, Monsieur.

COMMISSAIRE. (*Looks interrogatively at GEORGE, who moves away to R., then speaks to FRANCOIS*) Very well, you may go. (FRANCOIS *exits c. to R.*) Footsteps have been traced in the snow, M. Guérard. The footprints of two persons walking side by side, leading away from M. Levardier's house. These footsteps were clear and definite and they were fresh at a little after five yesterday morning.

GEORGE. But—the thing is impossible!

COMMISSAIRE. I shall be compelled to make an examination of your private papers. I must ask you to be good enough to give me your keys. (GEORGE *hesitates*) Come, now! (GEORGE *moves over to him and hands him keys, then moves back to fireplace. COMMISSAIRE crosses to behind writing table and examines it. COMMISSAIRE to FIRST AGENT OF POLICE*) Pierre, examine the apartment! (COMMISSAIRE *opens top drawer and sees GEORGE's revolver; he lifts it up and looks significantly at GEORGE, then replaces it. He examines the wallet and opens another drawer. Moves slightly various articles on the table until his eye falls on the coffee tray, which he moves slowly to one side, disclosing the LEVADIER envelope. During this business GEORGE has taken out his cigarette-case and is about to light a cigarette, when the COMMISSAIRE speaks*) I see there is an envelope here, addressed to M. Levardier.

GEORGE. (*Throws match into fireplace and turning around as though struck*) What!

COMMISSAIRE. This envelope is addressed to M. Levardier. (GEORGE *rushes up and pulls bell-cord*) What are you doing?

"THE INTRUDER"

GEORGE. (*Moving quickly to c., greatly excited*) That document is absolutely private. I forbid you to touch it! (FRANCOIS *enters and comes down R. of GEORGE, who turns to him*) Who was that letter addressed to, that I gave you to post?

FRANCOIS. M. Forquet.

GEORGE. My God!

COMMISSAIRE. That will do. (FRANCOIS *exits c. to R.*)

GEORGE. (*Going quickly to table, and moving chair as he does so*) That is a private letter. What sum will you take to leave it unopened? It concerns a woman! What will you take to leave it unopened—to burn it?—I'll give you any sum, anything—name your own price—5,000 francs—10,000 francs—name it, name it—name it! (*During this, the COMMISSAIRE has taken the envelope on which are the numbers, and is comparing them with some of the notes he has taken from the other envelope*)

COMMISSAIRE. (*Triumphantly*) You have named it, M. Guérand; you are my price. (*Slight pause*) M. Guérand, you are under arrest. (SECOND AGENT OF POLICE *opens door R. and stands by it. FIRST AGENT enters through double doors, followed by the STRANGER. AGENT remains up R.C. STRANGER coming down c.*)

STRANGER. Why, what's the meaning of this?

COMMISSAIRE. (*To AGENT*) Where did you find this man?

AGENT. (*Indicating*) In that room.

COMMISSAIRE. What are you doing here? (*To STRANGER*)

STRANGER. (*Indignantly*) I'm a friend of M. Guérand. (*Then, calmly, turns to GEORGE*) What's the matter, George, things look unpleasant.

COMMISSAIRE. M. Guérand is under arrest.

STRANGER. Under arrest? What for?

COMMISSAIRE. A theft.

STRANGER. Nonsense. M. Guérand is not a thief, he's a personal friend of mine. There's some mistake. I know M. Guérand is not a thief. No one could know it better.

COMMISSAIRE. But that proves nothing, Monsieur.

STRANGER. Don't be in quite such a hurry. What are you supposed to have stolen, George?

GEORGE. (*With meaning*) Bank notes!

STRANGER. Bank notes! Ridiculous! You couldn't do it! Good Lord, what fools these policemen are! (*Crosses to table*) Aren't you fools?

COMMISSAIRE. (*Indignantly*) Monsieur!

STRANGER. Well, you don't know your own business. You might as well say you know mine. You think because the State employs you that you're cleverer than other men. All State officials do think that, but I'm prepared to bet you whatever you like, that you're on the wrong track now. (*To GEORGE*) Don't you worry, George, I'll keep a fatherly eye on you. I'd come to court with you, if I could, but I'm about to catch a train—(*Looks meaningfully at GEORGE*)—to Fontainebleau, but if you are not here when I return, I'll blow up the Police Department and every magistrate in it. Leave it to me, George. Now, my dear boy, don't worry, never worry, there is nothing on earth to worry about. Look on this thing as a joke. (*Moves up to front of GEORGE, then to door R. when COMMISSAIRE says*)

COMMISSAIRE. Stop that man! (*SECOND AGENT steps in front of door*)

STRANGER. (*Greatly indignant and coming down again*) Why! What does this mean?

COMMISSAIRE. I must hold you for examination.

STRANGER. Examination! Me? George, tell them who I am, tell them that I'm a friend of yours,

tell them I know nothing of this affair. (*Looks squarely at GEORGE, who meets his eye*)

GEORGE. (*After a moment's pause*) This gentleman is a friend. He knows nothing about this at all.

COMMISSAIRE. Very well, you may go. (*STRANGER moves up R. and after a slight pause turns to GEORGE and comes back to him*)

STRANGER. How about money, George?

GEORGE. I have no money.

STRANGER. That's too bad. I can't leave you in a hole like this. By the most extraordinary coincidence, I happen to have 20,000 francs. Here you are, George! (*Gives them to him*) You may want it. I'm sure the police will find out their ridiculous mistake. (*Slight pause*) Shake hands. (*GEORGE does so*) Now, let me see you smile. (*GEORGE smiles*) That's better. I like you when you smile. "There's a great little dancing devil in your eyes." (*Moves to door R.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: LEVARDIER'S office in the law courts.
*Doors R. and L. Window up L.C. and R.C.
There is an armchair R.C. and a large desk C.
Chair L. of desk and a swivel armchair behind
it. LEVARDIER is seated at desk writing. He
rings a bell which is on his R. FIRST CLERK
enters, carrying papers and comes towards desk.*

LEVARDIER. Has a lady asked for me this morning? Has a lady called here?

CLERK. No, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. I'm expecting a lady to call. When she comes ask her to wait.

CLERK. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Is Commissaire Robert back yet?

CLERK. No, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. What about the Brussels train? Did you find out if it came in on time this morning?

CLERK. It arrived punctually, Monsieur. (*He hands LEVARDIER a paper*)

LEVARDIER. What's this?

CLERK. Copy of the charge in the Poularde case, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Has the President of the Court had a copy?

CLERK. Yes, Monsieur. But you omitted the formal indictment.

LEVARDIER. Did I? (*Searches among his papers and hands one to the CLERK*) There you are.

You'd better see the President of the Court. Give him my compliments and say that if there are any further developments in the case to please let me know.

CLERK. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Say I will be here all afternoon awaiting some word from him.

CLERK. Yes, Monsieur. *(Exits. LEVARDIER rises thoughtfully and moves down to L.C. There is a knock on the door)*

LEVARDIER. Come in! *(SECOND CLERK enters)*
Well?

CLERK. *(Coming forward)* No reply has come through from London or Brussels at present, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. The numbers of the notes have been published. I've seen them myself. Are they in the Belgian papers, too?

CLERK. Yes, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. And there's no result?

CLERK. Not at present, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. About those footprints?

CLERK. They became quite obliterated at the Pont-Neuf.

LEVARDIER. I know that. Couldn't they pick them up again on the other side of the river?

CLERK. There's a great deal of early morning traffic in that neighborhood.

LEVARDIER. Yes, I suppose there is. So they've only traced them as far as the bridge?

CLERK. The police are watching a man who left last night for Calais.

LEVARDIER. What man? Who is he?

CLERK. I haven't got any details at present.

LEVARDIER. That might be anybody. If I know anything about the police it's the wrong man.

At all events—— (PAULINE *speaking off R.*)

PAULINE. Can you direct me to M. Levardier's office?

FIRST CLERK. (*Speaking off*) This way, Madame.

LEVARDIER. I'm expecting that lady. Show her in here. (CLERK *exits*. LEVARDIER *sits at desk and writes*. CLERK *re-enters with PAULINE*. CLERK *exits, closing door*. PAULINE *comes slowly to R. of desk*. There is a pause. While LEVARDIER *continues writing*)

PAULINE. You sent for me?

LEVARDIER. (*Putting his pen down leisurely*) Yes. When I went out this morning you were still in bed.

PAULINE. I usually am when you leave the house in the morning.

LEVARDIER. Quite so. You usually remain there, I believe, till about eleven o'clock. As it happens, I had occasion to return this morning for some papers almost at once, and I was informed that you had gone out. Your usual habits, for some reason, had been disturbed.

PAULINE. I was very busy this morning.

LEVARDIER. So I imagine.

PAULINE. There were many things to attend to. Would you like a complete list of my housekeeping duties?

LEVARDIER. Why should I?

PAULINE. You have every right to ask for it. I seem to have become nothing more than your housekeeper. Since this burglary I have certainly not been your wife. Your manner to me has totally changed.

LEVARDIER. That has struck you?

PAULINE. I think you intended it should. The very message you left for me to come here was an

order—it was not a request—and I—I don't understand.

LEVARDIER. I see. You complain that my message to you was an order? Well, it was. That is exactly what it was intended to be—an order. In this office I am not your husband and you are not my wife. I am an examining magistrate and you are a witness giving evidence with regard to this theft.

PAULINE. You heard all I had to say—yesterday morning—in front of the Commissaire. I have nothing to add to it, nothing. I saw nothing and I heard nothing. I know nothing whatever beyond what I have already said.

LEVARDIER. I work independently of commissaires.

PAULINE. (*Passionately*) Then I don't understand the law! What more do you want me to do? Is it necessary for me to go on repeating over and over again things I have already said? I don't understand what you want of me? Is it my fault that the house was broken into while you were away?

LEVARDIER. Possibly not, but you are going to help me catch the thief.

PAULINE. I——? (*There is a knock on the door*)

LEVARDIER. Come in. (*SECOND CLERK enters*)

SECOND CLERK. Excuse me, Monsieur, but Commissaire Robert is here and he wishes to speak to you at once.

LEVARDIER. Bring him in. (*CLERK exits. LEVARDIER rises, crosses to door L., opens it and says*) I shall have to ask you to wait. (*PAULINE crosses below desk and exits. LEVARDIER closes door, and moves back C. COMMISSAIRE enters hurriedly*)

COMMISSAIRE. (*Coming to R. of desk*) Guérand!!!

LEVARDIER. (*After a slight pause*) Guérand? Well, what about Guérand? (*Looks straight at COMMISSAIRE*)

COMMISSAIRE. I found out a good deal about Guérand.

LEVARDIER. Go on, go on!

COMMISSAIRE. You recollect that Madame Levardier stated that he left the house at midnight? Well, apparently he did so.

LEVARDIER. What do you mean by apparently? Didn't he leave the house at midnight?

COMMISSAIRE. (*Convinced that his theory is correct*) Yes, and he returned. He returned to your flat at about five. He was there again at five. That's my theory, and it was my theory from the first, but I wanted proof. Here's the whole thing in a nut-shell. At eleven o'clock that night Madame Levardier dismissed the servants and they went to bed. At twelve o'clock Guérand left, too—left the flat, not the building. That was my theory. The concierge says no one went out of the place till past five. Well, that all fits in. Between twelve o'clock and five Guérand was on the stairs—I knew it—on the stairs waiting, and he came back when he was wanted—on time—or some pre-arranged signal. He was in collusion with the man outside. Once the man outside was in, all Guérand had to do was to point to the drawer where he'd seen you put away the notes—(*Taking envelope from his pocket*)—and here they are! (*Draws out notes and places them on desk*)

LEVARDIER. (*Thunderstruck*) The notes!!!

COMMISSAIRE. Every one of them!

LEVARDIER. My God! Guérand!

COMMISSAIRE. Red-handed! They were in his

own flat. (*Looking at envelope which he has retained*) What I can't understand is that the envelope enclosing them was addressed to you.

LEVARDIER. To me?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes. What do you make of it?

LEVARDIER. (*Slowly*) I don't know what to make of it. You've arrested him?

COMMISSAIRE. I have, Monsieur.

LEVARDIER. Was he—alone?

COMMISSAIRE. His man was with him.

LEVARDIER. No one else?

COMMISSAIRE. Yes, he had a friend with him. A man who was very rude to me.

LEVARDIER. (*After a short pause*) I shall want to see Guérand!

COMMISSAIRE. He wants to see you.

LEVARDIER. Have him brought here. I may want you again as well, remain within call. (*COMMISSAIRE exits R. LEVARDIER thinks for a moment, and looks at notes which are on table. Then glances at door L. Then as though having made up his mind, he goes to door L., opens it and signs to PAULINE, who enters. LEVARDIER goes back to behind desk. PAULINE closes door and moves slowly down to chair L. of desk*) The person who stole those notes has been arrested.

PAULINE. Arrested?

LEVARDIER. Arrested. And the name of that person is Guérand—George Guérand. (*Pause of sheer amazement. PAULINE takes a step back*)

PAULINE. It's not true! It's infamous! It's a lie!

LEVARDIER. The name of the thief is Guérand.

PAULINE. (*Taking a step towards him*) René, it's monstrous! How can you say such a thing! It's outrageous. George is an honorable man!

LEVARDIER. Ha, ha! An honorable man, is he?

He hid in my house all night and he robbed me! He's a robber, a crafty, designing robber!

PAULINE. It's not true! It isn't true! I can swear he left at twelve!

LEVARDIER. I can prove he was there till five!

PAULINE. (*Moving to desk*) Then do it! You can't! I defy you! On my oath, he left at twelve!

LEVARDIER. Then so much the worse for him.

PAULINE. You can't have any proof of this. It would be impossible—to get it.

LEVARDIER. Oh! You want proof, do you? Well, you shall have it—you shall have it. (*Picks up some of the notes from table*) Here's your proof! Here's your evidence! I can give you proof! By God, yes! There! There! (*Throws notes on the table*) Touch it! Look at it! Notes—stolen notes! Hundreds! Thousands! Wrested from the fingers of your honorable man in his own home by the police.

PAULINE. Yes, and they're capable of it. They're capable of it (*LEVARDIER moves up with an impatient exclamation. Slight pause*) Well, it's a lie! I, your wife, tell you it's a lie. (*LEVARDIER comes down*) They may have been torn from his fingers, as you say—but it's a lie—they may have found these notes in his pocket—(*Grasps them and holds them up*)—but it's a lie. It's a lie that he took them. It's a lie that they were stolen by him. It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!!! (*Brings notes down heavily on desk, pause*) I know that it's a lie, do you understand? I know that it's a lie! I know! I can prove his innocence. I can prove it! And I will! I'll shout it over the roofs of Paris. I'll scream it at every corner of every street! Now let me tell you——

LEVARDIER. Wait!

PAULINE. No! There's nothing to wait for!

LEVARDIER. Wait!

PAULINE. (*Still speaking passionately*) No! George spent that night with me. (*There is a pause.* LEVARDIER *sinks into chair* R.C. *Quietly*) When I said he left at twelve, I lied. If he says so, he lies. He stayed with me till five. I heard him go. I saw him go. I waited there. I heard the front door close behind him as he left me—and the notes were in the drawer where you left them. I know you found his watch. I can tell you where you found it. And this is because I love him—because I love him and I can't love you. (LEVARDIER *rises and goes up. Sinks into chair* L. *of desk*) Because he has made my life a delight and you have left it empty. (*Bows her head*)

LEVARDIER. (*After a pause.* LEVARDIER *comes to behind desk*) So be it. Silence might have served you better than speech. Silence would have served you better than words that scorch and blister. But you are a woman who chooses to destroy. (*Steps to her*) You have destroyed your life with me. Home—you've destroyed that. It's gone. You can destroy other things, too. You are the daughter of a fine old man and a sweet and gentle lady. In their old age they worship you. Do you wish to destroy them, too? Reflect. There is a future where you will not be as you are to-day—passionate, young, respected—a future empty of security and peace. Think. These are the memories you are going to smirch. This is the thing you are going to shout over the roofs of Paris and from the corners of every street. You will bring dishonor on them. But if you drag their name into the gutter with mine there will be no mercy in me. To the gutter you shall go—and stay, and when your lover sickens of you, as such lovers as he do, you will have the gutter to console you. You will have

the companionship of the gutter because you have outraged the code and dishonored your womanhood. And there will be sixty seconds in every minute and twenty-four hours in every day. Reflect! Is Guérand your lover, or is he the thief? Which is he? Choose!

PAULINE. (*Slowly*) He is my lover.

LEVARDIER. That is your decision?

PAULINE. That is the truth. (*Slight pause. When knock is heard at the door. Slight pause. Then another knock. COMMISSAIRE enters R. and stands at door*)

COMMISSAIRE. Monsieur Guérand.

LEVARDIER. When I ring—— (*COMMISSAIRE exits, closing door. LEVARDIER goes to door L., opens it*) Again I must ask you to wait. (*PAULINE goes slowly off. LEVARDIER closes door. Stands there for a moment, bowed in grief. Then straightens himself and crosses with great determination and rings bell. COMMISSAIRE re-enters, showing on GUÉRAND. COMMISSAIRE exits. LEVARDIER sits*)

GEORGE. (*Greatly agitated, comes R.C.*) Levardier!

LEVARDIER. They tell me you're under arrest.

GEORGE. My God, man,—what am I to say to you! You can't believe I robbed you of those notes! Levardier, you can't believe that! You must know I'm incapable of such a thing! You know I'm telling you the truth—now.

LEVARDIER. I admit that three days ago I should have believed you to be incapable of this.

GEORGE. And you believe that still.

LEVARDIER. In three days much water may flow under the bridge.

GEORGE. For God's sake, man, don't speak in parables. I'm under arrest. I'm under arrest for theft!

LEVARDIER. These notes, everything that was stolen from me, were found in your house half an hour ago.

GEORGE. I know—it's crushing me. Within half an hour of my return from Brussels, I was pounced on by the police and arrested like a common swindler.

LEVARDIER. And what are you?

GEORGE. What am I? I'm not that—I'm not that! By everything I hold sacred, I'm not that!

LEVARDIER. (*Sneeringly*) And what do you hold sacred?

GEORGE. Damn it, man, you believe me! You believe me, don't you? I never took those notes from you.

LEVARDIER. Well, where did you get them?

GEORGE. (*Hesitatingly*) I bought them.

LEVARDIER. I thought you told me you were broke.

GEORGE. I did tell you so. I was broke. I'm broke still. But I raised 20,000 francs in Brussels and I used it to buy back those notes.

LEVARDIER. For me?

GEORGE. Yes, for you, why not?

LEVARDIER. Why? It's one of the kindest things I've ever had done to me. I don't know if I ever heard of such a thing being done before. 200,000 francs in Bank of France notes bought for 20,000 francs by one friend for another. It's idyllic. And who was the credulous person who was induced to part with them for so very much less than their value?

GEORGE. It was blackmail. That goes without saying.

LEVARDIER. Still, now we're on the subject, who blackmailed you?

GEORGE. I don't know—I can't tell you that.

But someone did. A man came to my rooms this morning, with those notes—and I made terms with him.

LEVARDIER. And before you had time to communicate with me, you were pounced on by the police?

GEORGE. That's precisely how it occurred. As for this man who——

LEVARDIER. Ah! About him. We mustn't forget about him in the joy of recovery. What did he talk about? Tell me about him.

GEORGE. He couldn't dispose of the notes because the numbers had been published.

LEVARDIER. I see.

GEORGE. As a matter of fact, the Commissaire found those notes in an envelope addressed to you. (*Catching sight of envelope on table*) There is the envelope now.

LEVARDIER. (*Taking up envelope*) Is this your writing?

GEORGE. No.

LEVARDIER. Whose is it?

GEORGE. It is the writing of the man from whom I bought the notes.

LEVARDIER. Is it your envelope?

GEORGE. Yes.

LEVARDIER. Then why didn't you address it yourself?

GEORGE. Because I intended to return them to you anonymously.

LEVARDIER. Why?

GEORGE. Because I didn't care to be known in the transaction. As a matter of fact, the idea was suggested by the man from whom I bought them.

LEVARDIER. What did he say?

GEORGE. I imagine he said what is usually said by such persons on such occasions.

LEVARDIER. What occasions?

GEORGE. I suppose he followed me home from your house the other evening.

LEVARDIER. There's nothing in that. Why shouldn't he?

GEORGE. Well, I stayed rather late—and you happened to be away from home.

LEVARDIER. Well?

GEORGE. When such things as that—and they're both perfectly true—when such things as that are put to one early in the morning, after a long night-journey, they can be made to sound very unpleasant.

LEVARDIER. But the element of blackmail is not very conspicuous—so far.

GEORGE. Perhaps not. Still, I presume you would rather I took the course I did than any other?

LEVARDIER. I'm delighted. I've got back these notes. That's what was worrying me.

GEORGE. And a scandal about Pauline and myself would not have been particularly unpleasant.

LEVARDIER. (*After a slight pause*) I should hate it.

GEORGE. Then isn't it in your power to settle the whole business?

LEVARDIER. You mean, give an order for your release?

GEORGE. (*Anxiously*) Yes.

LEVARDIER. (*Slowly*) Yes, I suppose it is.

GEORGE. Then, for God's sake, do it, Levardier!

LEVARDIER. (*Opening drawer of desk*) Wait a moment! I've got something of yours I should like to restore. You've restored my property to me, and I—— (*Takes out GEORGE'S watch and rises. GEORGE sees it and turns away, moving slightly to R. LEVARDIER going to GEORGE*) This is yours, isn't it? (*GEORGE avoids his eye*) It was found in my house on my return from Fontainebleau. I found it my-

self. Take it, it belongs to you. (*Hands GEORGE watch, who takes it, still avoiding LEVARDIER's eye*) A few moments ago you were described to me, here, as an honorable man. I must be a man who is unable to perceive these fine distinctions. Honor is—honor. And revenge is revenge. We spoke about these things, if you remember, at my house the other evening, before I left for Fontainebleau,—before I left my wife alone with you. I stated my views and said what I should not do if certain things were to happen to me. These things—have happened. Much water has passed under the bridge and you are in that water—drowning. With the ruins of my loveless home about me, I stand on the riverside watching you drown—watching you die—watching the waters close over you as they suck you down into the slime. Thief! Thief! Not of gold. But of flesh. I prefer to accuse you of the theft of gold! (*Pause. He goes back to behind desk and picks up a document. GEORGE slowly places the watch in his inside pocket. LEVARDIER reading*) Madame Levardier has stated that you left the house on the night of the burglary at twelve o'clock and she didn't see you again. Is that the case? (*Slight pause*) You understand me when I demand that you admit it now to me.

GEORGE. I'm to wear a convict's dress because I love a woman who belongs to you!

LEVARDIER. You are to wear a convict's dress because you stole a woman who belongs to me.

GEORGE. And life as I have always known it, with friends and interests, and freedom—

LEVARDIER. Those things will be taken away from you. You are to suffer.

GEORGE. (*Vehemently, and going to desk*) Well, go on, man! Do it! Do it! And be damned to you. If I were not prepared to suffer that, I

couldn't tell you that I do love your wife. By God, yes, better than you! Go on, man! Do it! Do it! Don't hesitate! Brand me, cover me with stripes, stick me in a filthy cell, let the slime close over me and suck me down. Then perhaps you will be satisfied.

LEVARDIER. Then I shall be satisfied. (*Pause. He sits and writes*) I shall require you to sign this. Read it! (*Hands document to GEORGE, who reads it. LEVARDIER handing him pen*) Sign it! (*GEORGE does so*) That is my revenge! (*Indicates document which he places on desk. Rises and moves to L.*) My wife is here.

GEORGE. Pauline?

LEVARDIER. (*Sternly*) My wife. I wish to speak to you, together. (*Opens door L. PAULINE enters slowly and moves down to L. of chair L.C. She and GEORGE exchange lingering glances. LEVARDIER, leaving door open, goes back to desk and takes up confession. He reads*) "I, George Guérand, hereby confess that on the night of November the 15th, 1916, I entered the house of René Levardier, Magistrate, Fauburg St. Honoré No. 9, and that I stole from him bills on the bank of France to the amount of 200,000 francs. Signed, George Guérand." (*GEORGE makes a hopeless gesture to PAULINE*)

PAULINE. René, you can't. You can't do that. René, I love him—I love him. (*Sinks into chair L.C.*)

LEVARDIER. And what of that? Am I to be the only sufferer? I also am a man with rights. They shall not go unsatisfied. That man—that thief, stole you. Between you, you betrayed me. You plead the cause of every faithless wife. You, the very apex of this eternal triangle, this everlasting problem! I've read it in books—I've seen it in plays—

I've dealt with it in my daily practice in the courts—that there is only one aspect of the situation I can grasp: punishment. I impose that, and thus preserve the remnants of my self-respect.

PAULINE. You can't do it, René! You can't fasten a crime on a man for a thing he hasn't done. (*Rises*) And you haven't reckoned on me, René, you haven't reckoned on me. (*Moves to desk and speaks with great determination*) If you do this to George, if you brand him as a thief, then on my oath, I'll brand you. I'll tell the truth about this lie, at any cost. If you ruin George, I'll ruin you. I'll expose you if I can, and every decent man you know will be ashamed to speak to you.

LEVARDIER. Very well. But I'm not afraid of threats. An upright man protects his name and every upright woman treasures hers. Do what you threaten. Destroy me if you wish to do so, destroy me if you can, and break the hearts of those who love and cherish you—and now bid him good-bye. (*Goes up c.*)

PAULINE. George, I said I'd face it out with you. I'm ready to do so still.

GEORGE. Pauline, you're splendid. We can't, you know we can't do that. We can't think only of ourselves, we've got to take our punishment. We mustn't break other people's hearts. (PAULINE *looks away*) He's right. You have a father and a mother. I haven't, so it matters less. He has a right to justice as he sees it. He isn't a man who will release you. He doesn't look at life that way. We've wronged him, he hasn't wronged us, and that is the best way out of it. But you mustn't sacrifice yourself for me. (*Pause*) Pauline! Do you understand? (PAULINE *nods and sinks into chair, sobbing. Turning to LEVARDIER*) I'm ready, Monsieur.

"THE INTRUDER"

LEVARDIER. (*Comes down and rings bell. Slight pause. COMMISSAIRE enters and stands at door R.*) Monsieur Guérand remains under arrest. (*GEORGE, with a look at PAULINE, draws himself up and walks bravely off R. The COMMISSAIRE follows him, closing door behind him*) And now you, too, may go. (*PAULINE rises slowly and moves in front of desk*)

PAULINE. Yes, I will go. But not to a home that you can understand—to a home without even a child in it. (*Moving up R. and turning appealingly to LEVARDIER*) Am I to have nothing? Nothing? I may be bound to you, but I'm only bound to you by law and not by love.

LEVARDIER. Return to your parents. They need never know the truth, and when you are there, remember I entrusted my name to you.

PAULINE. I remember another man who sacrificed himself for me, could you? Could you do that?

LEVARDIER. Have you done it for me? Faithfulness is an obligation, too, and you accepted it.

PAULINE. René, I don't want to hurt you. I'm not heartless, but you're so much older than I am. René, I'm a girl, only a girl. Ought you ever to have married me? You are the real thief—René—you are.

LEVARDIER. A thief, I?

PAULINE. You stole my youth from me, and no one can give it back to me. (*She exits slowly through door L., closing it behind her. LEVARDIER watches her off. Pause. Crosses slowly back to desk and sits. Long pause. He looks out in a dazed way and turns his head slowly. His eyes fall on the telephone. He thinks, hesitates, is about to lift receiver, hesitates again, then deliberately raises it and speaks*).

LEVARDIER. Give me the St. Honoré police sta-

tion. . . . Is that the St. Honoré police station? M. Levardier speaking. . . . When Commissaire Robert returns, tell him to release M. Guérand. . . . Yes, release M. Guérand, I shall not proceed against him. (*Slowly replaces receiver, then leans slightly forward, his arms resting on the desk. Gazes out at audience. Pause, then SLOW CURTAIN*)

FURNITURE PLOT, ACT I

Gray-flowered axminster carpet to cover stage.
Grand piano in walnut up c., on which is a bowl of American Beauty roses.

Upholstered stool behind it.

Oval table down R.C.

Armchair with cane back and upholstered seat R. of it.

Small chair L. of it.

Large bowl on pedestal, containing hot-house greens and small winter flowers (pink and blue), above door down R.

Tapestry armchair above window R.

Fire screen to fireplace up c.

Tiled hearth to fireplace up c.

Clock and candelabra on mantelpiece up c.

Oval picture in gilt frame over mantelpiece up c.

Writing table below window, up L., with five practical drawers (the top one down L. with key-hole).

Table lamp with light blue flowered shade on this table.

Small chair in front of it.

Two pairs of gray silk poplin curtains to windows up R. and up L. Lace curtains to these windows.

Three small colored engravings in old gilt frames. (One on scene below double doors L. One on scene above double doors L., and one on scene above double door down R.)

One four-light chandelier with amber shades.

Two three-light brackets with amber shades, one on either side of fireplace.

Small table and mirror for "Pauline's" change off down R.

Upright piano and stool behind fireplace off c.

Four-legged jardiniere below double doors down L., containing ferns.

Gray poplin bell pull on scene above door down L.

Dummy light-switch on scene above door down L.

Small cane-backed settee with upholstered seat L.C.

Armchair with low cane back and upholstered seat below piano c.

In Smaller Room Through Double Doors Up L.

Small, round table on which is lamp with amber-fringed shade.

Queen Ann armchair with cane back and upholstered seat above table.

Small chippendale chair below table.

Two oil paintings in gilt frames on scene.

PROPERTY PLOT, ACT I

Telephone and five French books (between bronze book-ends) on table R.C.

French newspaper with printed matter off L. for "Levardier."

Papers in drawers of writing table up L.

French timetable in up-stage top drawer of same.

Books and writing materials on table.

Envelope with numbers on back containing 1,000-franc notes for "Levardier."

Bunch of keys for "Levardier."

On piano: Music, humidior containing cigars, tray on which are three liqueur decanters of kummel,

benedictine, and creme de menthe, and three liqueur glasses, match safe and ash tray also on piano.

Gold watch and fob for "Guérand" (*must be collected after his first exit and placed in entrance down R.*)

Fur-lined overcoat, and hat, and cigar case for "Levardier," off down R.

Wind effect off up L.

Bell effect off down L.

Electric torch and jimmy for "Stranger."

Glass cutting effect off up L.

Church chime effect off up L.

Small clock strike effect off up R.

Door slam off down L.

Coffee set off down L.

"Pauline's" wrap off down R.

Piano copy of "The Passing of Salome" on off-stage piano.

FURNITURE PLOT, ACT II

Brown-flowered Axminster carpet.

Settee upholstered in rose plush R.C.

Half octagonal mahogany table below this on which are books between book-ends.

Louis armchair above fireplace R.

Dogs and grate and tiled hearth to fireplace R.

On Mantelpiece R.

Two Empire candelabra, and bronze figure in c.

Light oak pedestal on which is lamp with Chinese shade, below door up R.

Bell pull in blue velvet, R. of c. doors.

Two colored prints in oval gilt frames on scene, R. and L. of double doors.

Two bookcases with dummy books R. and L. of double doors.

Mahogany writing desk with five drawers L. (bottom drawer down stage with keyhole).

Empire armchair upholstered in leather, L. of this.

Single chair upholstered in rose plush, R. of this.

Swivel mahogany bookcase containing dummy books, down L.

Five two-light brackets with flowered shades on scene, one either side of fireplace, one on either side of double doors and one below window L.

Pair of blue velvet curtains to window L.

Pair of lace curtains to window L.

In Recess up c.

Oak chest in c., either side of which are two tapestry armchairs.

Oil painting in gilt frame on scene.

In Entrance up R.

Oil painting in gilt frame on backing. Four-legged tapestry stool in angle.

PROPERTY PLOT, ACT II

Suitcase, overcoat and hat, off up R. for "Guérard."

Bell effect off R.

Letters on table L.

Telephone on table L.

Open letters on small pink note paper, in box, in bottom down-stage drawer of table.

Revolver (unloaded) in top, up-stage drawer of table.

Large blue envelopes in center drawer of table.

Cabinet photo of "Pauline" in frame on table.

Blotting pad on which is large sheet of blue paper; pens, inkstand, paper knife, calender, stamp box and stationery box on table L.

Match safe on mantelpiece.

Cigarette case and cigarettes for "Guérand."

Coffee set on tray, consisting of toast in rack, cup and saucer, coffee pot, cream jug, and sugar basin with tongs and napkin off up c. from L. for "François."

Roll of 1000-franc notes with rubber band in leather wallet for "Guérand."

Bunch of keys for same.

Automatic pistol for "Stranger."

Small tray on which is coffee pot, milk jug, sugar basin, cup and saucer and napkin, off up c. and L. for "François."

FURNITURE PLOT, ACT III

Parquet stage cloth.

Persian carpet square.

Gray fumed oak furniture as follows:—Large desk with drawers c. Swivel armchair upholstered in green leather behind this. Single chair upholstered in green leather L. of desk. Small table, with chair as above, in front, down L. Brown leather club armchair R.C. Single chair R. of this. Two armchairs upholstered in green leather, one in window recess R. and one in window recess L. One single chair in doorway R. One portrait in oils in silvered frame on scene up c. Two two-light brackets, one each side of this.

PROPERTY PLOT, ACT III

On center desk:

Telephone.

Blotting pad.

Law books.

Inkstand, pens, paper knife, hand blotter, writing pad.

Two letter baskets containing official papers.

Other official papers in letter clip.

Bell push.

Single official paper with seal.

"Guérand's" watch from Act I in center drawer.

Papers for "First Clerk" off R.

Buzzer effect off R.

Notes in envelope from Act II for "Commissaire of Police."

ELECTRIC AND LIME PLOT, ACT I, SCENE I

As overture finishes: Bring up foots, take out house and orchestra lights which *must remain out till end of act.*

To open: Foots amber and straw full up, ceiling border amber and straw full up.

Brackets and chandelier alight, lamps on table alight.

In entrance down R. Bunch light (three ambers and one white).

In entrance down L. Bunch light (three ambers and three white).

In entrance up L. Bunch light (two ambers and one white).

On back cloth R. and L. of windows, two 1,000-Watt lamps with No. 33 blue mediums.

Up L. through window, baby spot of some color.

At cue: *BLACK OUT.*

When curtain has fallen bring up working section in border.

END OF SCENE I

Note: All off-stage working lights must be shielded.

ACT I, SCENE II

Before rise of curtain: Take out working section in border. Bring up bunch in entrance down R. and blues on back cloth as before.

When door down R. is opened: Bring up slowly, baby amber spot in border (which is focussed on head of settee L.)

When "Pauline" and "Guérand" exit through double doors L.: Bring up two amber lamps *only* in bunch.

When "Pauline" re-enters: Bring up slowly, steel blue baby spot in border (focussed on window L.)

At cue (when "Natalie" turns up switch): Brackets up, and straws *only* in foots.

No further change in this act.

Table lamps remain out.

Chandelier remains out.

ELECTRIC PLOT, ACT II

As entr' acte finishes: Bring up foots and take out house lights.

To open: Straws and ambers full up in foots and ceiling border.

Fire in grate down R. alight (*flame effect when "Guérand" burns papers*)

Brackets out.

In entrance up R. Bunch light (three ambers and one white).

Left of center opening. Bunch light (two ambers and three whites).

Outside window down L. Two white (incandescent) 1,000-Watt lamps.

No change in lights.

ELECTRIC PLOT, ACT III

As entr' acte finishes, same as Act II.

To open: Foots and ceiling border, straws and ambers full up.

In entrance up R. Bunch light (three ambers and one white).

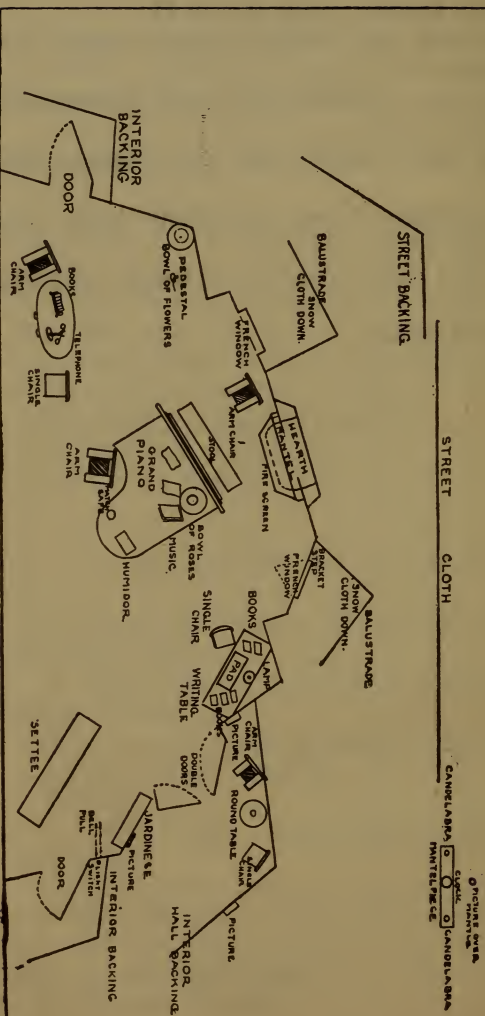
In entrance up L. Bunch light (three whites and two ambers).

Outside windows. Two 1,000-Watt lights with straw mediums.

One baby spot (*white frosted*) in border focussed on desk c.

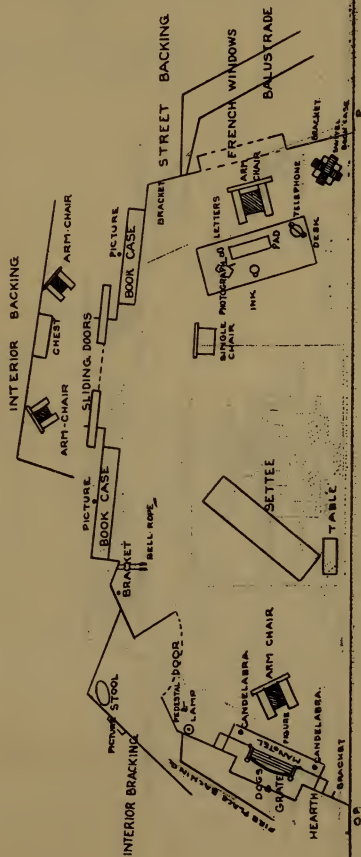
No change in lights.

ACT I



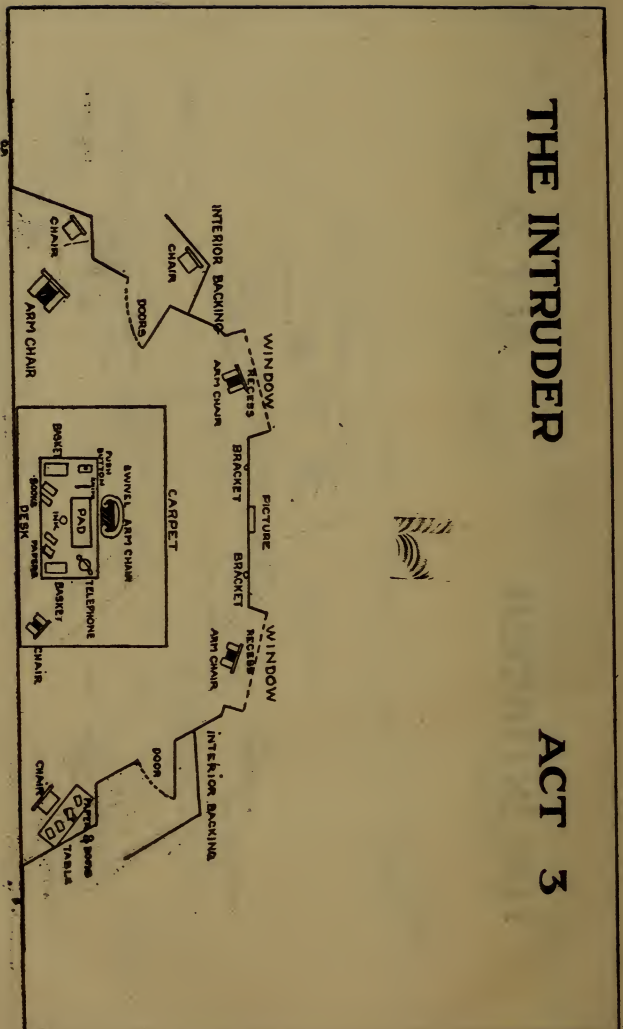
THE INTRUDER

ACT 2



THE INTRUDER

ACT 3



JUST PUBLISHED

Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery

Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
B. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office
ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home
ACT 3. " " " "

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

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